

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1902.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES. SIXPENCE.

Lord Chancellor.

Prince Christian.

Prince of Wales.

Sir E. J. Poynter,
P.R.A.

Duke of
Portland.

Duke of
Northumberland.

Turkish
Ambassador.

French
Ambassador.



Marquis of Granby. Lord Charles Beresford.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET, MAY 3.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The Prince on this occasion appeared for the first time in the place which his father, King Edward, had occupied almost invariably for thirty-nine years. The most noteworthy point of his Royal Highness's speech was his appeal to the President to hold out special inducements to Colonial art students to complete their education in London.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The dogged optimism of the British character must impress any foreigner who chances to visit the Royal Academy on its opening day. There may be peace or war in South Africa; the price of bread may go up and come down again in deference to financiers who say that a rise is contrary to the law of gravitation; the American shipping "combine" (lovely word) may be a harmless experiment, or Mr. Pierpont Morgan may be the lineal descendant of Black Morgan, late of the Spanish Main. It makes no difference to the resolute sightseers who throng the galleries of Burlington House, catalogue in hand. They enjoy themselves even when aggressively critical. It is a mistake to suppose that the sightseer always accepts British art on a basis of patriotism. Meek visitors pass with respectful wonder the pictures that awaken in their minds no association with anything they have ever seen or dreamed. But the aggressive critic delights to make it known that such works are not to be let off so lightly. This, indeed, is one of the true pleasures of a crowd. There is small fun in murmuring your disapproval in the ear of a friend, still less in keeping it to yourself. The neighbours, far and near, must share it. So a defiant voice, accompanied by an uplifted shoulder, proclaims the incompetence of an eminent portrait-painter, not in his painting, which is neither here nor there, but in his choice of a subject.

The eminent artist has, let us say, a fancy for portraying family groups. Behold a mother and her two darlings, or three darlings without the mother—always a trio. Probably he is a superstitious artist, and must have a mystical number. The voice approaches one of these masterpieces, and loudly attacks the family. "Three such silly-faced creatures I never did see!" Another voice, not to be outdone, exposes the poverty of the mystical three. "Not a bit of real lace among them! They couldn't afford it, poor things!" From this it may appear, as a theory of social duty, that a woman has no business to have her portrait painted for exhibition unless she has dazzling beauty and a sumptuous wardrobe. But no such theory is in the minds of the censors. They have paid their shillings for the pleasure of making this brief acquaintance with the people who hang on the walls, and of passing upon them these light and fleeting judgments. Opposite a picture which is coupled in the catalogue with a quotation from Shelley, a voice inquires, "What does it mean?" "Mean, my dear!" responds another voice. "It's Shelley; it isn't meant to be understood!" Do not suppose that the purpose of this sarcasm is to crush the poet's fame. The speaker has caught the eye of the crowd, and is scattering airy impromptus, the largesse of an independent spirit. Philosophers are fond of telling you that when the people congregate, they think and feel in unison, and are little better than sheep. Those voices at the Academy prove that the philosophers are wrong.

Canons of art criticism notwithstanding, the average visitor who has paid his shilling likes a picture to be a short story, a compressed drama, or a subject for lively gossip. If these conditions were not liberally observed on the Academy walls, the Academicians would have a poor treasury. Personally, I prefer Mr. Farquharson's sheep, the sea-birds of Mr. Peter Graham, and the poplars of Mr. Alfred Parsons. I know those sheep so well that I believe they would follow me; and Mr. Graham's sea-birds must be tame enough by this time to eat out of my hand. But if the Academy contented itself with such simple joys, do you suppose thousands of people would struggle through the turnstiles on the opening day? Would they buy catalogues of sheep and poplars? Would they turn the conversation at tea to the fleeciness of Mr. Farquharson's annual flocks, the demureness of his ewes, the innocent friskiness of his lambs? Bless you, it is for no such object that we back up British art! Let us have drama; here, for instance, is a lady stretched on the floor, and of a corpse-like pallor, while a gentleman at the other end of the room is huddled against the wall in evident terror. Has he murdered her? You have a moment of delicious suspense till the catalogue informs you that the lady has died of the plague. I call that something for your money.

Some years ago Mr. John Collier gave us a pleasing composition called "A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia." An unfortunate gentleman was accepting the Borgias' hospitality, and you knew he would drop dead the moment the wine had passed his lips. It is the kind of picture that comes to you in the night, when you have a slight touch of fever, and the sleepless hours are cheered by a procession of grisly images. I used to see Lucrezia's face as she turned a look of diabolical contempt on the guest who took the glass of cold poison. But now Mr. Orchardson has borrowed the Borgia from Mr. Collier, and made him a very different phantom. He has invited a friend to lunch in the open air. The friend has fallen forward on the table, clearly poisoned, and stone dead, and Cæsar Borgia is regarding him with a bored expression as who should say, "Confound it! I

didn't intend to kill that fellow. I wanted a pleasant chat under the trees; he was rather amusing; and by force of habit I must have poisoned his liquor! This is becoming tiresome. Another corpse to be explained to its family! People won't believe me when I say it was the carelessness of the servants. They won't come to my 'At Homes,' even if I write on the cards 'Bring your own claret-cup!'" That is evidently the message of Mr. Orchardson's Borgia, and you will find him a more cheerful companion than the other in the night watches.

The fierce light that beats about a throne seems a feeble illumination compared with the glare which is turned upon the head of a Republic. I have been reading some articles in the American magazines on society at Washington. They are the frank tributes of native observers to the candour of democracy. There is a story of two uninvited ladies at an official reception. They approached the hostess, to whom they were perfect strangers, and said, "We've come to see whether your dresses are as handsome as the newspapers say they are." Whatever you may think of that mode of address as an aid to sociable intercourse, you cannot brand it as hypocrisy. At a dinner-table the host, a European diplomatist, produced some medallion bonbons from Paris. "I have had your ruler's face stamped on one of them," he said to the lady on his right. He handed her the chocolate, and she threw it under the table, remarking, "We have no rulers in this country." Another lady, who took a more friendly view of Mr. Roosevelt, asked the butler to pick up the despised bonbon. Incidents of that kind, if frequent, would make Washington dinner-parties rich in surprises. As the President's head adorns many postage-stamps, I wonder whether they are shunned by the wives of his political opponents and banished from the albums of youthful collectors whose papas vote the Democratic ticket. They would prefer the President's head on a charger; and it may be gall and wormwood to them to see it popping up on a postage-stamp when they receive letters from lively members of the opposite party.

There is an occupant of a throne who is passing through a strange revolution in comparative obscurity. I wonder it has not occurred to any enterprising gossip to cross-examine the family coachman, who sits on his box-seat with no horse in front. I saw a stately carriage (no longer an equipage) in Piccadilly, with coachman and footman in the smartest of liveries, but no pair of bays, with arched necks and glittering harness. It passed swiftly and silently through the traffic; not even a cloud of steam betrayed the motive power. What were the feelings of the coachman on the box and of Jeames who sat beside him? Were they survivors of the old order, or children of the new age of invention? Did they fearlessly meet the glance of coachmen driving horses, all of the olden time, or did they shrink from its freezing contempt? Did the badinage of omnibus-drivers disturb their dignity? The omnibus does not see its impending doom, and it is still the fixed belief of driver and conductor that the motor-car must either stick or blow up. What do the family coachmen say when they hob-nob at discreet little taverns in Mayfair? I can hear some of them solemnly affirm that no man can be a coachman who earns his living by working a lever, and sits perched on the edge of a car gazing into space, his eye ungladdened by the shapely form of a noble beast answering to whip and rein. Think of holding a handle instead of "the ribbons"! It is a theme for tragic poetry.

The motor-car has not yet emerged from rudimentary hideousness, but there is a perceptible striving towards elegance. Besides, why complain of ugliness in the motor-car while we tolerate the graceless, unwieldy omnibus, dragged through weary mileage by the melancholy wreckage of the equine race? Old ladies who will not trust themselves in hansoms (dangerous to life and limb, and not quite proper) still confide in the omnibus. Pathetic delusion! Here is an oracle who says: "The lumbering omnibus, which is not only liable to failure on the part of the horses, but also to skidding, is more perilous to life than a 40-horse power Panhard capable of something like at least eight times the speed." If old ladies have ever heard of "skidding," it is probably as one of the numerous offences proved against the bicycle. But to be told that the omnibus is "skiddish," and that it is safer to travel in a motor-car at sixty miles an hour, may plunge the most resolute old lady into dire uncertainty.

The triumph of speed in locomotion will not, I trust, increase the haste already conspicuous in some other departments of activity. Maxwell Gray has been condemning the over-production of novels. She thinks that all novelists should take a rest for several years. I opened a novel at random yesterday, and lighted on this sentence: "When the spring came she jilted me, which was in perfect accordance with her having been the one to propose." The forty-horse power style is rapid, but leaves something to be desired on the score of finish.

PERSONAL.

Bret Harte, whose death was reported on May 6, was the chronicler of the California of yesterday as Kipling is the chronicler of India of to-day, and many of his works, pathetic and humorous, are already classics. Born at Albany, New York, on Aug. 25, 1839, Mr. Harte became Secretary of the United States Branch Mint in 1864, holding the position until 1870; United States Consul at Crefeld in 1878, and at Glasgow in 1880. Among his most universally known works are "The Heathen Chinee," published in 1869; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," issued in 1870, and "Snowbound at Eagles," 1886. Bret Harte was the first to write the short story in English with anything of the finish, delicacy, and point which distinguishes the French *conte*. His gift of pathos, simple and unforced, forms the chief affinity between his work and that of Charles Dickens, who was quick to recognise the genius of a brother artist from the Sierras. His humour was quieter than that of the creator of Sam Weller, but it was always effective and adequate to the situation. Only the insight and the hand of genius could have discerned and portrayed as Bret Harte has done the finer qualities that underlie the digger's rough exterior as in "The Luck of Roaring Camp"; while the tenderer moods that characterise "M'liss," "Miggles," and kindred stories are of the stuff which makes for immortality. To Jack Hamlin and Colonel Starbottle, Truthful James and Brown of Calaveras, our soul cleaves with an affection that only the real characters in fiction (to perpetrate a paradox) can inspire. In verse, too, Bret Harte must have been notable had he written nothing but "The Heathen Chinee" and "The Society upon the Stanislaus." It is questionable, indeed, if he ever quite equalled these masterpieces, but everything he did bore the stamp of a charming and sympathetic individuality.

The late Sir William Olpherts, Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery, who died on April 30, in his eighty-first year, was a fighting man rather than a great strategist, and the sulphurous nickname by which he was universally known in the Army undoubtedly fitted the man who, as one historian put it, earned his Victoria Cross in round numbers thirty times. Sir William was educated at Addiscombe, and entered the Bengal Artillery in 1839. His first experience of active service was in the Burma War of 1841. After much useful work in India, he was ordered to Turkey and the Crimea, and was with Sir Fenwick Williams at Kars and Erzerum. Back in India for the Mutiny, Sir William, after saving Benares by his vigorous action in routing the rebels, was ordered to join Havelock, and under him was in charge of a battery at Bithoor, Mungurwar, Alumbagh, and at the first relief of Lucknow, and later, was present at all the engagements which led to the capture of Lucknow by Lord Clyde. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in bringing in captured guns when the troops entered Lucknow. The 90th Regiment having charged a rebel position and captured two guns, Sir William Olpherts, who had accompanied them, rode back to his own battery, procured limbers and horses, and, under a heavy fire, carried off the captured guns.

The late Sir H. L. Thompson, Administrator of St. Lucia, West Indies, died on April 28, at the age of forty-five. He was the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Ralph Thompson, and was educated at Winchester. His Government appointments include the Assistant-Commissionerships of Paphos and of Limassol, and the Commissionership of the first-named. He was Chief Secretary to the Government at Cyprus in 1892, and was appointed to the position which he held at the time of his death two years ago.

Admiral Sampson, who directed the naval operations on the coast of Cuba during the American war against Spain, and who dealt the final blow to the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, died at Washington on May 6. He entered the United States Naval Academy in 1857, was promoted master in 1861, and in his time served in all branches of the Navy. He was the Executive Officer of the *Patapsco* when she was blown up in Charlestown Harbour. After the destruction of the *Maine* in Havana Harbour on Feb. 15, 1898, his appointment as President of the Inquiry was gazetted; and when war was declared he became commander of the North Atlantic Squadron, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral. On the declaration of peace, he was made Commandant of the Boston Navy Yard.

Mr. James Bell, who has been elected to succeed the late Sir John Monckton as Town Clerk of the City of London, vacates a similar position in Leicester, whence he came from Birmingham in September 1894. The new Clerk is thirty-seven years of age, served his articles with a Preston firm, and was admitted a solicitor in 1888, having obtained fourth place in the first class of honours men and a Law Society's prize. For some time he was associated with a firm of solicitors at Godalming, but left them to become assistant to the Town Clerk of Birmingham. Mr. Bell gains nothing in salary by his move, for the yearly payment of £2000 to the City's Clerk is equal only to his former remuneration.

Earl Spencer, who had filled the position since the commencement of the late Earl of Kimberley's illness, was unanimously elected Leader of his Majesty's Opposition in the House of Lords on April 29, no doubt much to the surprise of the partisans of Lord Rosebery. Lord Spencer has had a busy, if comparatively uneventful political career; he was Viceroy of Ireland from 1869 till 1874, and from 1882 till 1885; President of Council in 1880-83 and 1886, and First Lord of the Admiralty from 1892 till 1895. He was Groom of the Stole to the Prince Consort from 1859 till 1861, and to the Prince of Wales from 1862 till 1867. Lord Spencer was born in 1835, and succeeded his father in 1857.

The name of Mr. Horace Marshall, Sheriff of London, will be brought up at the University Senate in Dublin for an honorary degree. Mr. Marshall is an old graduate who has reflected high honour on his University.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE: CELEBRATIONS IN JAPAN.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

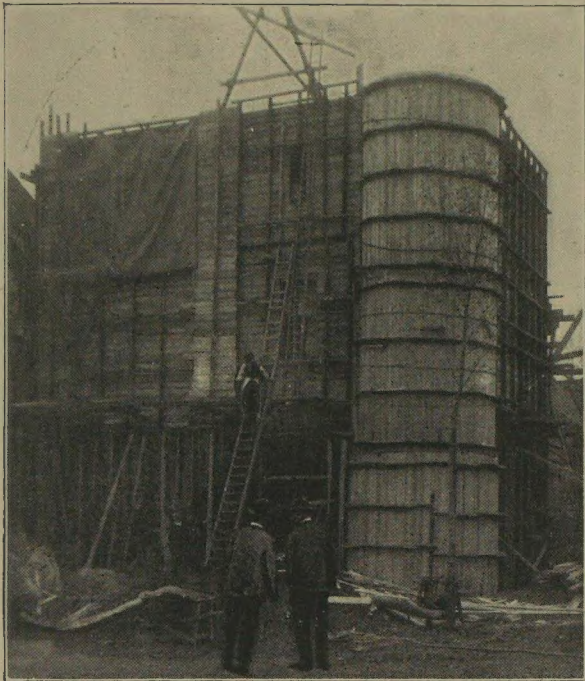


THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH ERECTED AT NAGASAKI IN HONOUR OF THE ALLIANCE.

The arch, which was covered with foliage, bore appropriate mottoes in English and Japanese, and was surmounted by the combined English and Japanese flags.

"PARIS IN LONDON": THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION OF 1902.

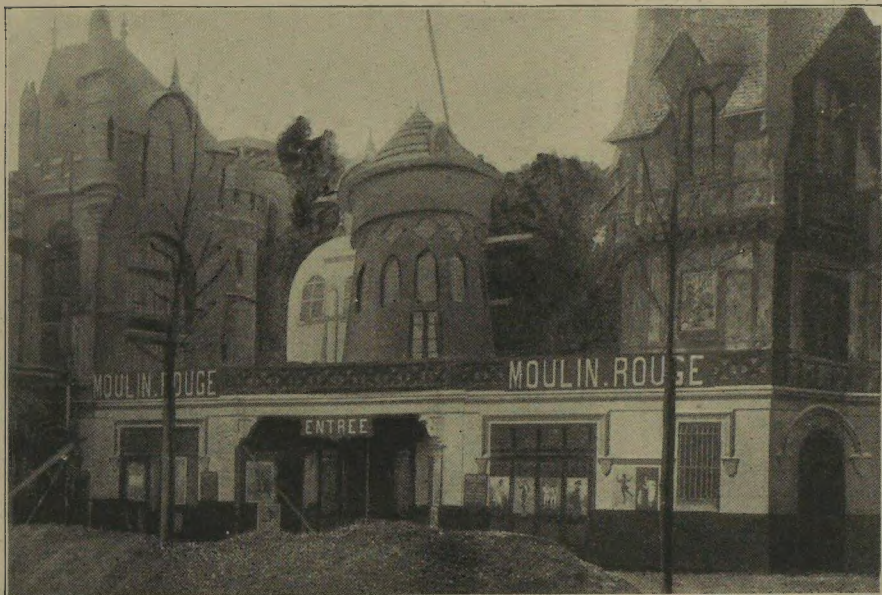
DRAWINGS BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT; PHOTOGRAPHS BY FOULSHAM AND DANFIELD.



TOPSY TURVY HOUSE, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.
This curiosity, a house built upside down, was one of the sights of the Paris Exposition.



A TABLEAU IN THE PALAIS DU COSTUME.
Representing a scene in one of the pseudo-classical gardens of the eighteenth century.



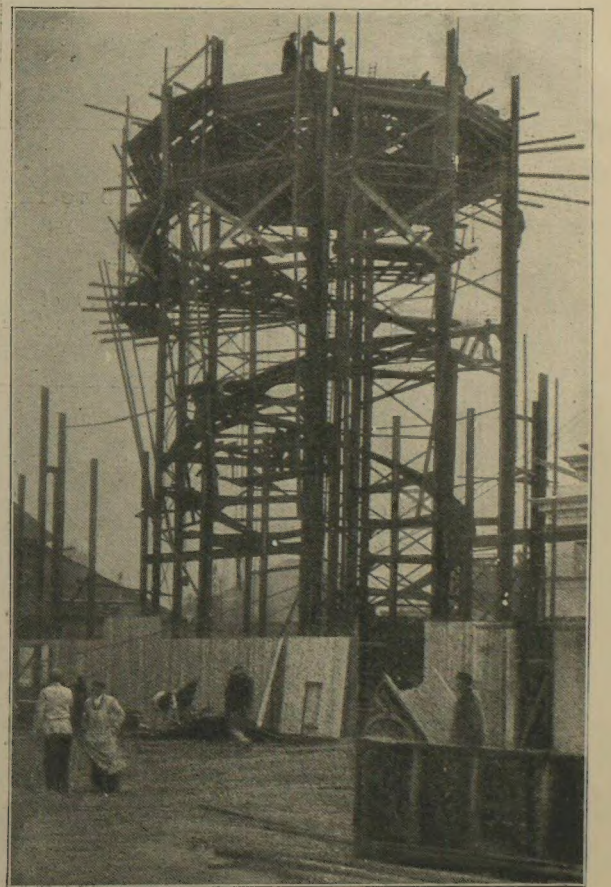
THE LONDON COUNTERPART OF THE MOULIN ROUGE.



A PEEP IN OLD PARIS.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF ILLUSION.



CORKSCREW RAILWAY, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.

The social functions which mark the opening of the annual exhibition at Burlington House find their fitting

THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.

A complete change has marked the arrangements for this year's summer fête at Earl's Court. Londoners have in recent years had displayed before them the glories of war, the expansion of the Empire, the progress of woman-kind and so forth, but in 1902 they are invited to "see

contained in a folio volume 13½ in. by 8 in. in size, and has been bound by the Guild of Women-Binders in white morocco. It has 266 separate inlays in leather of four different colours, in a design of conventional mountain ash, as the symbolic flower of Wales, enriched with gold tooling. Both covers bear the same border design, the front having the Red Dragon of Wales for



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM OLIPHERTS, V.C.
Veteran of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

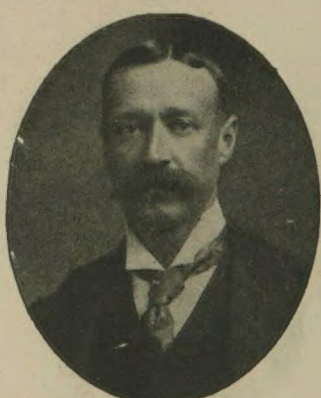
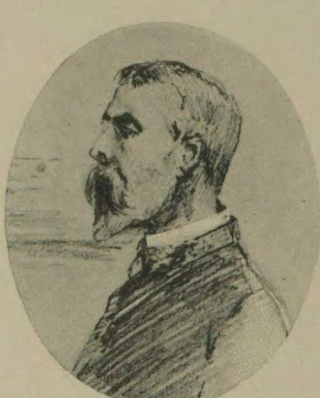


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR H. L. THOMPSON,
K.C.M.G.,
Governor of St. Lucia.



THE LATE ADMIRAL SAMPSON,
Who Commanded at Santiago.



Photo. Lafayette.

MR. JAMES BELL,
New Town Clerk of the City
of London.

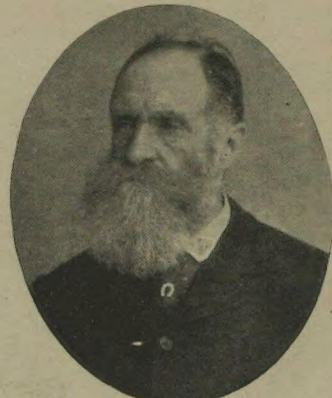


Photo. Russell.

EARL SPENCER,
New Leader of the Opposition in the
House of Lords.

See "Personal," on "Our Note Book" page.

culmination in the Academy Banquet. This year's celebration was held on the evening of Saturday, May 3, under the chairmanship of the President, Sir E. J. Poynter. A hope had been entertained that the King might honour the banquet with his presence, but his Majesty, who for thirty-nine years has seldom been absent from this gathering, deemed it advisable that his place should be taken by the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness

away their shilling" in Paris. To this end, that part of the Exhibition formerly known as "Old London," has been trans-picturesque Queen's Court ations of the of the great tion of 1900. between the and the there is a Theatre on the in the Champs this concerts three times a from Paris, direction of Mr. of the Folies Palais du Costume," which aroused so much interest at the Paris Exhibition, has been transferred bodily to



THE NEW EDWARD VII.
SHILLING.

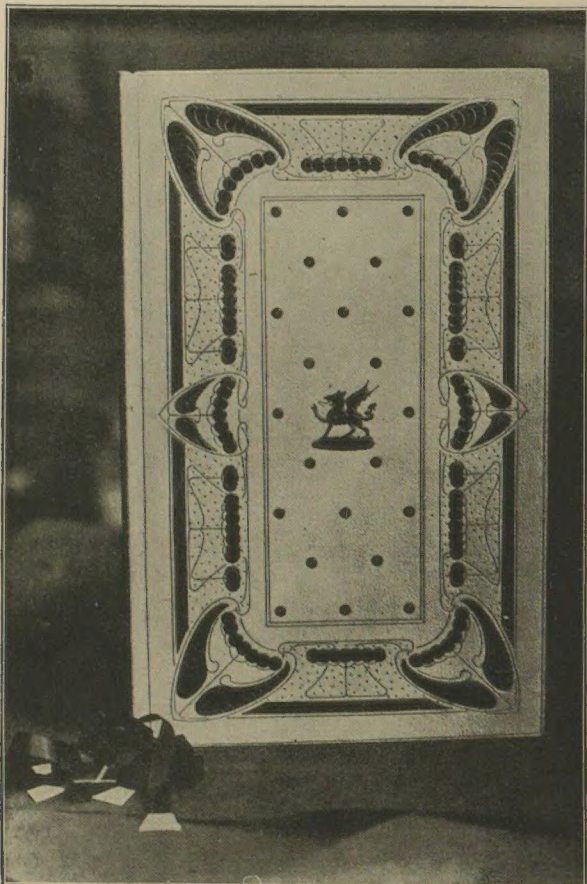
Mysteriously put into
circulation before the
authorised time.

formed into Paris. In the are represent-chief palaces Paris Expositi- In the space Great Wheel Imperial Court S um mer model of those Elysées. In will be given day by artistes under the Joseph Otter, Bergères. "Le Palais du Costume," which aroused so much interest at the Paris Exhibition, has been transferred bodily to

centrepiece, while the reverse bears the Prince's badge and motto in gold.

THE SALE OF THE DUNN-GARDNER COLLECTION OF SILVER.

Mr. J. Dunn-Gardner's unequalled collection of early English and foreign silver and silver plate and other rare



THE BINDING OF THE CHARTER
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES PRESENTED TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES, MAY 9.

The Work of the Guild of Women-Binders.

and Prince Christian were the only members of the reigning house who attended, but there was a large muster of the Cabinet. Diplomacy, Parliament, the Bench, the Bar, the Church, the Services, Science, and Letters also sent their representatives. Among the notabilities Mr. Marconi and Mr. Kipling occupied a prominent place. The President proposed the usual toasts, to which the Prince of Wales replied. His Royal Highness alluded to the blank caused by the absence of the King after his long association with the festivity. Lord Selborne replied for the Navy, Mr. Brodrick for the Army, the Lord Chancellor for his Majesty's Ministers, and Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace for Literature. The Lord Chief Justice replied for the Visitors, and before the speeches came to an end, the President made the welcome announcement that owing to negotiations which Lord Monkswell and he had initiated, the celebrated view from Richmond Hill had been saved for all time.

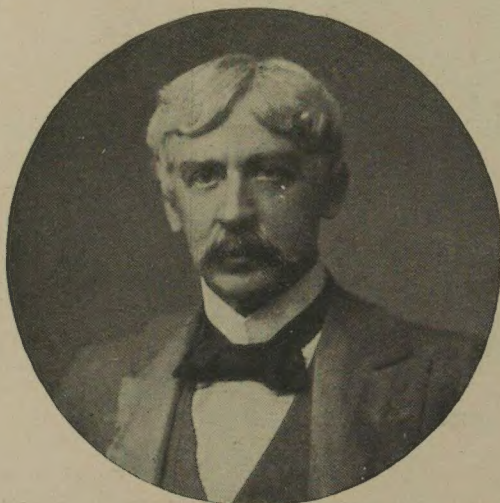


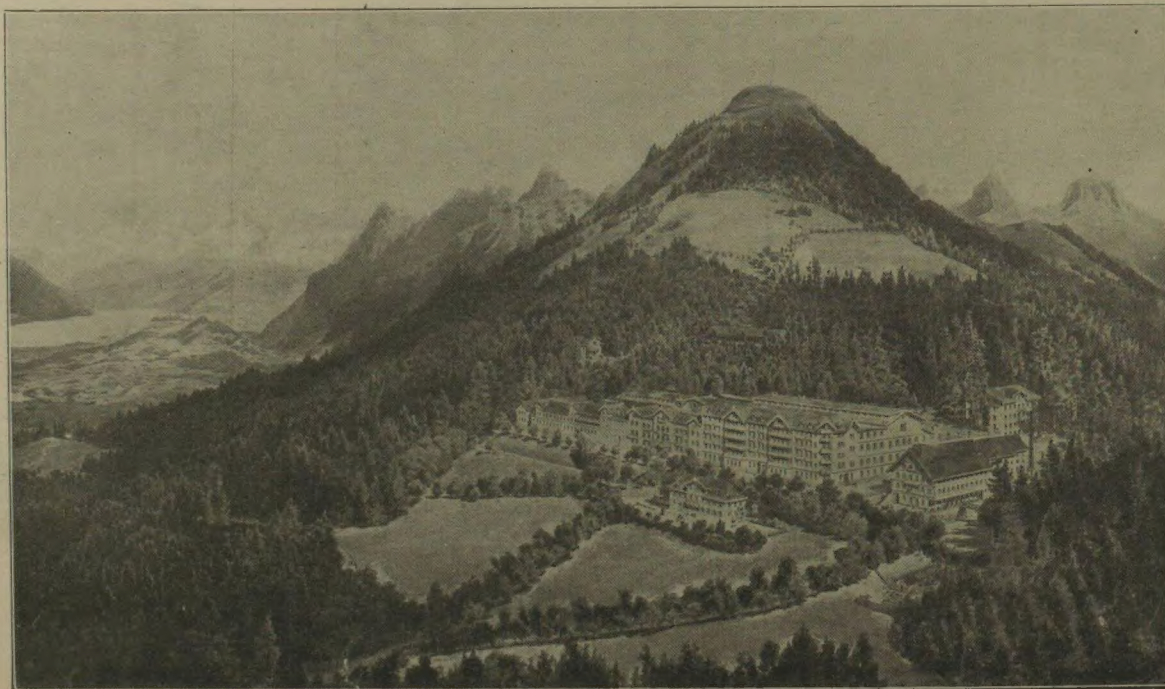
Photo. Fall.

THE LATE BRET HARTE,
THE NOVELIST OF THE FAR WEST.

London. Earl's Court without its bands would not be Earl's Court at all, and this year the English musicians are to be reinforced by performers from France.

A WONDERFUL BINDING.

The copy of the Charter of the University of Wales presented to the Prince of Wales on May 9, upon the occasion of his Royal Highness's installation as Chancellor, is



THE GURNIGEL BAD, SWITZERLAND, DESTROYED BY FIRE, APRIL 30.

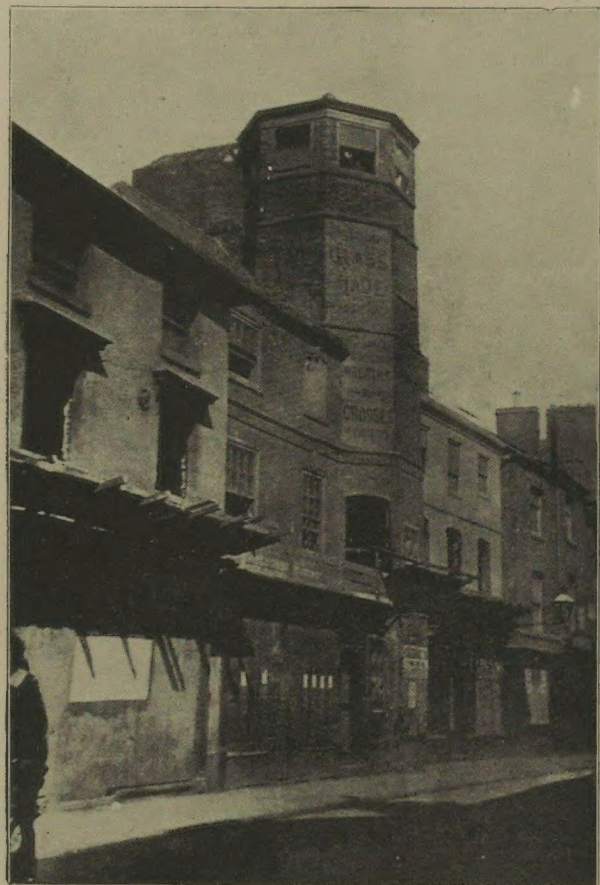


Photo. Horner.

THE OLD TOWER HOUSE AT LEICESTER,
NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.

In this old building have slept many historical personages, including Charles I., James I., and Mary Queen of Scots, on her way to prison at Fotheringhay.

objets d'art, which has for some years past been on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was sold by Messrs. Christie on April 29 and 30. Remarkable prices were obtained, the 281 lots offered fetching over £39,000. 57 lots of English silver plate of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries sold for £12,000; 16 lots of foreign silver and silver gilt, £3600. The Tudor cup, knocked down at £4100, and the Henry VII. spoon have passed to Mr. John A. Holms, of Sandyford, near Paisley.

THE BURNING OF GURNIGEL BAD.

The Gurnigel Bad, a noted health resort, was destroyed, with the exception of the church, on the evening of April 30. Fortunately the spa was closed, as the season is during the months of July and August. The sanatorium, which is situated twenty-one miles from Berne, is at an altitude of 3800 ft. above sea-level. Its fame rests chiefly upon its lime and sulphur springs.

Photo. Photogram, Ltd.

PREHISTORIC MAN: DISCOVERIES BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO AT MENTONE.

PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO; TEXT BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

PROFILE OF THE YOUNG MAN'S SKULL
DISCOVERED AT MENTONE.

An absorbing interest has always been taken, not merely by scientific men, but also by the general public, in the question of the antiquity of man. Time was when a very large amount of discussion took place regarding the question of the exact period when man may be said to have appeared on the surface of the earth. The difficulties of deciding this question are obvious, seeing that we do not yet possess complete knowledge of the whole earth from the point of view which regards it as a storehouse of fossil remains. We know sufficient, however, to indicate to us in a broad sense the general bearings of the question of human antiquity. Most readers are aware that geologists are accustomed to divide the rocks which compose the crust of the earth into three or four great periods, the oldest strata of these periods necessarily lying below the others. What is known as the Tertiary Period of geology may be said to represent the newest of the periods in question, and includes those formations which have last been evolved in order of time. It need hardly be remarked that it is only in the Tertiary Period of geology, and only in the newest formations of that period, that traces of man occur. During this latest period of geological time (and one may here add that geology possesses no means of computing time in years or absolutely) the Great Ice Age occurred, laying the world practically under a huge ice-sheet, and producing a vast series of climatic changes which exercised certain definite effects upon the animals and plants then existent in the world. As far as Europe is concerned, there is not the slightest doubt that man existed in that area before the climate had assumed its present temperate character. One proof of this statement is found in the fact that flint implements fashioned by human hands, and also instruments made of bone, have been found closely associated with the remains of animals of Arctic type in Central France.

There are also other evidences at hand showing that man's existence during the latter part of the Ice Age is to be regarded as certain; for in some formations or deposits, undoubtedly associated with frozen rivers, stone implements have also been discovered. It is, however, unquestionably in what the geologist calls the "recent" period that traces of man dating far before history intervenes are most plentiful. This "recent" period is characterised practically by the arrangement of land and

sea which now exists, and by the presence of the superficial soils and gravels that represent the most recent work of the hand of time on the surface of our globe.

One important point regarding actual relics of man himself in a fossilised state must be noted in the fact that traces of human remains must of necessity be few and far between owing to the human habit of disposing of the dead by burial or otherwise. Human remains have not, therefore, had the chance, so to speak, of becoming fossilised with the same frequency that awaited the traces of lower animals. One may say that, geologically speaking, relics of the human body are extremely sparse in number, whereas traces of the handiwork of primitive man, in the shape of implements variously formed, according to their age, of stone and metal, are tolerably numerous. Evidences of the artistic instincts of primitive man are also known. For example, in the Kasserloch cave of Switzerland a piece of bone has been discovered on which a very artistic representation of a reindeer is drawn. In an English cave a drawing of a horse's head, also inscribed on bone, has been discovered; while certain caves have yielded bone carvings of other animals, notably that huge extinct elephant, the mammoth, the carcasses of which have been found in masses of ice in Siberia and elsewhere.

Among the best-known specimens of actual fossilised traces of man are the skulls known as those of Neanderthal, of Shipka, and Spy. These skulls are undoubtedly human, but at the same time indicate a lower type of man than is represented by any existing races to-day. One of the most recent discoveries, and one which excited tremendous interest among ethnologists, was that of

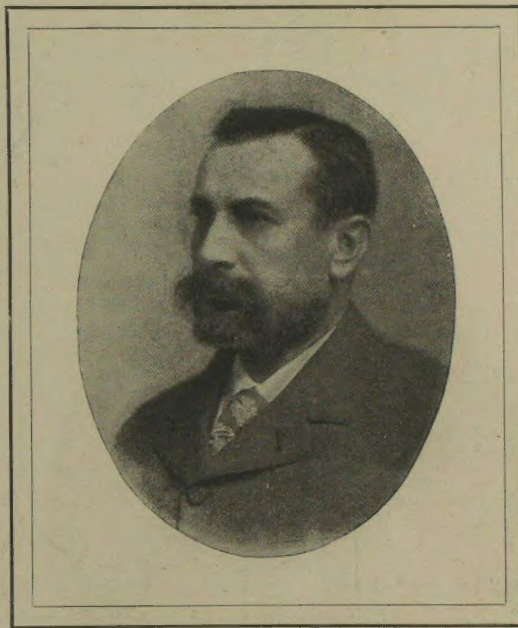
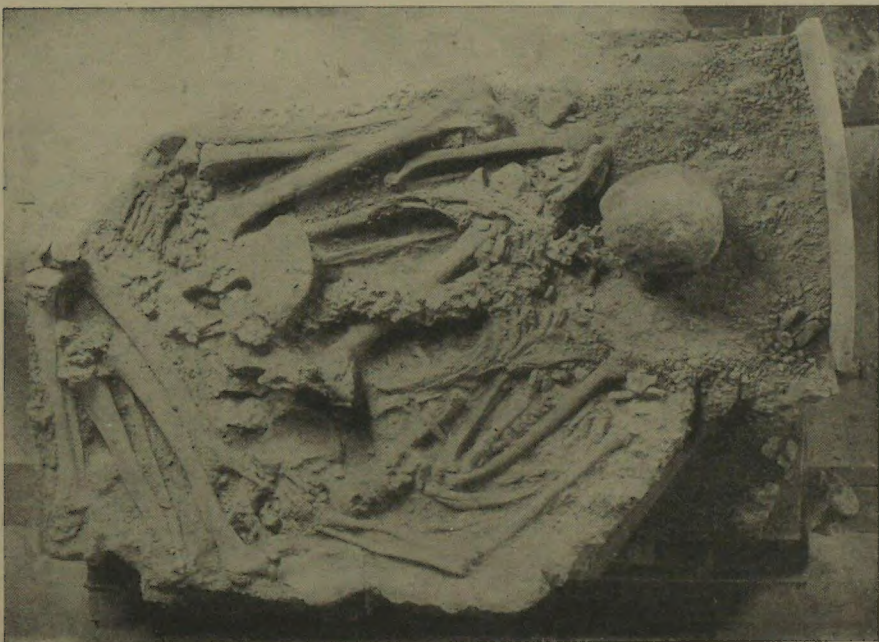
PROFILE OF THE OLD WOMAN'S SKULL
DISCOVERED AT MENTONE.

Photo. Lewis, Bath.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO,
DISCOVERER OF THE REMAINS.

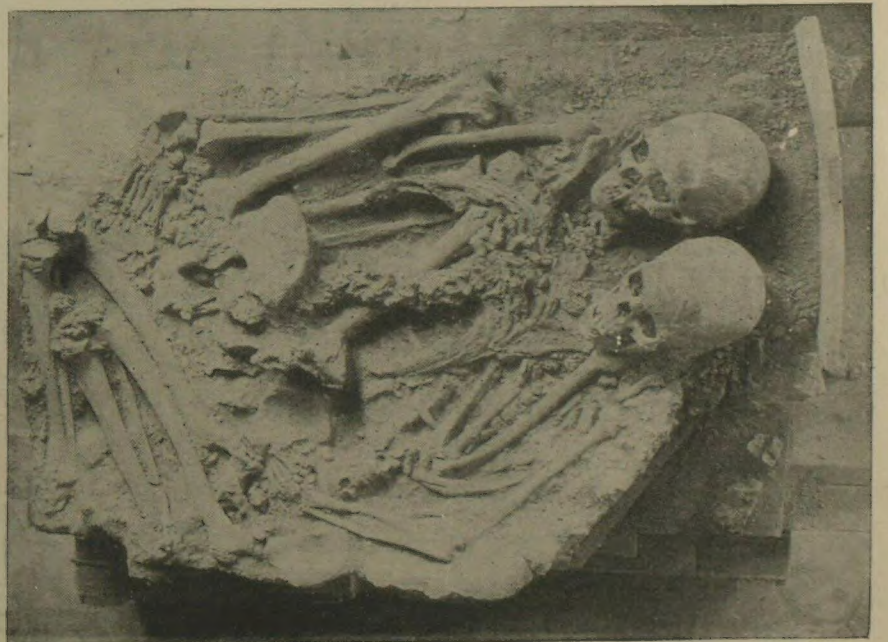
certain fossil fragments, including a well-preserved thigh-bone, found in the later Tertiary deposits of Java. To the original of these fragments the name *Pithecanthropus* has been given. Considerable discussion has taken place regarding the exact status of this early Asiatic man, some anatomists classing him as a human being, probably of low type, and others as forming a real connecting link between man and apes. The latest find of human fossils is that made in the caves of Grimaldi in the course of

explorations inaugurated by the Prince of Monaco. Skeletons, it appears, have been discovered in the caves under circumstances usually encountered in such investigations, overlaid by the deposits which accumulate in the grottoes. These remains exist in a fossilised or, at least, in a semi-fossilised state. As regards their age, Dr. Verneau, of Paris, regards them as belonging to the Palæolithic Epoch—that is, to the Ancient Stone Period—when man made and used implements of stone only, and when, therefore, his degree of civilisation was extremely low. The type of skeleton is also said to be much less human in character than has hitherto been met with in the "recent" period. In particular, the arms, which are relatively long, seem to throw back the type beyond that of the negro; while the skull, long and narrow, and with a broad nose, also indicates a very low grade of humanity. In connection with these interesting relics, the question is bound to arise whether they are to be regarded as essentially human, if low in character, or whether they really represent a race intermediate between anthropoid or ape-like men and ape forms. The settlement of this question is of course a matter for future inquiry. It is not necessary to suppose that the intermediate form betwixt man and apes must of necessity show likeness to any existing monkey. The evolutionist thinks of the origin of man as taking place far down the tree of life's development, when from a common stock the primitive human branch and the primitive ape branch may have parted company. The likeness of the first men on this idea will therefore not be one between man and living apes, but between the earliest men and the common stock. The Grimaldi fossils, if they demonstrate anything, may be held, as far as their present examination reveals, to show that primitive man in his earlier stages approached much more nearly to the original human stock than do any lower living races of mankind. The illustrations given of these recent finds show clearly enough the nature of the relics. The skulls certainly belong to the long-headed type, but it is also evident they present features which in many respects ally them to the negro type of cranium. It will remain, as has been said, for careful expert examination to determine how far they depart from the purely human type, and approach to that of forms intermediate between men and lower forms of mammalian life.



CONDITION OF THE SKELETONS AS BURIED.

The woman's body is doubled up. The young man's head is here concealed by a mass of ashes.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SKELETONS.

In this photograph both skulls are cleared of the surrounding ashes.

THE GUERILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



ONE AGAINST FIVE: A BRITISH OFFICER'S NARROW ESCAPE.

During a surprise attack by Van Zyl, a British officer, who was left alone after striving to rally his men, saw five horsemen in khaki with red puggarees riding towards him. Believing them to be British, he ordered them to take cover behind a wall and remain with him; but they laughed at him. He drew his revolver to enforce his command, and immediately one of the riders shouted "Hands up!" and the officer knew that he was in the hands of the enemy. Deciding to sell his life as dearly as possible, he raised his revolver at the spokesman of the party, who in turn levelled his rifle. Both fired at once, and the Boer fell dead. As there were still four Boers left to deal with, the officer resolved to retire, which he did after emptying his revolver at them. After a hard gallop he cleared the Hartz River (at that point eight feet broad), and was soon out of range unhurt.

THE CELLARS OF RUEDA.

By "Q."

*

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

[The story is taken from the Memoirs of Manuel (or Manus) McNeill, an agent in the secret service of the Allies during the Peninsular Campaigns of 1808-1813.]

PART II.

CAPTAIN MCNEILL'S ADVENTURES.

"But how on earth came you here?" was the unspoken question in the eyes of both of us; and, each reading the reflection of his own, we broke out together into a laugh—though my kinsman's was all but inaudible—and after it he lay back on his pillow (an old knapsack) and panted.

"My story must needs be the shorter," said I; "so let us have it over and get it out of the way. I came from watching Caffarelli in the north, and for the last four days have been taking a holiday and twiddling my fingers in camp here, just across the Zapardiel. Happening this afternoon to stroll to this amazing rock, I fell in with the reverend father here, and most incautiously told him my name: since which he has been leading me a dance which may or may not have turned my hair grey."

"The reverend father?" echoed Captain Alan.

"He has not," said I, turning upon my guide, who stood apart with a baffling smile, "as yet done me the honour to reciprocate my weak confidences."

Captain Alan too stared at him. "Are you a priest, Sir?" he demanded.

He was answered by a bow. "You didn't know it?" cried I. "It's the one thing he has allowed me to discover."

"But I understood that you were a scholar, Sir—"

"The two callings are not incompatible, I hope?"

"—of the University of Salamanca: a Doctor, too. My memory is yet weak, but surely I had it from your own lips that you were a Doctor?"

"—of Moral Philosophy," the old man answered with another bow. "Of the College of the Conception—now, alas! destroyed."

"The care with which you have tended me, Sir, has helped my mistake: and now my gratitude for it must help my apologies. I fear I have, from time to time, allowed my tongue to take many liberties with your profession."

"You have, to be sure, been somewhat hard with us."

"My prejudice is an honest one, Sir."

"Of that there can be no possible doubt."

"But it must frequently have pained you."

"Not the least in the world," the old Doctor assured him, almost with *bonhomie*. "Besides, you were suffering from sunstroke."

My kinsman eyed him; and—I could have laughed to watch it—that gaze betrayed a faint expiring hope that, after all, his diatribes against the Scarlet Woman had shaken the Doctor—upon whom (I need scarcely say) they

had produced about as much effect as upon the rock of Rueda itself. And I think that, though regretfully, he must at length have realised this, for he sank back on the pillow again with a gentle weariness in every line of his Don Quixote face.

"Ah, yes, from sunstroke! My cousin"—here he turned towards me—"this gentleman—or, as I must now learn to call him, this most reverend Doctor of Philosophy, Gil Gonsalvez de Covadonga—found me some days ago stretched unconscious beside the high-road to Tordesillas, and in two ways has saved my life:

first, by conveying me to this hiding-place, for the whole *terrain* was occupied by Marmont's troops, and I lay there in my scarlet tunic, a windfall for the first French patrol that might pass; and, secondly, by nursing me through delirium back to health of mind and strength of body."

"The latter has yet to come, Señor Capitano," the Doctor interposed.

And I: "My cousin, your distaste for disguise will yet be the death of you. But tell me, what were you doing in this neighbourhood?"

"Why, watching Marmont, to be sure, as my orders were."

"Your orders? You don't mean to tell me that Lord Wellington knows of your return!"

"I reported myself to him on the nineteenth of last month in the camp on San Cristoval: he gave me my directions that same evening."

"But, heavens!" I cried, "it is barely a week ago that I returned from the north and had an hour's interview with him; and he never mentioned your name, though aware (as he must be) that no news in the world could give me more joy."

"Is that so, cousin?" He gazed at me earnestly and wistfully, as I thought.

"You know it is so," I answered, turning my face away that he might not see my emotion.

"As for Lord Wellington's silence," Captain Alan went on, after musing a while, "he has a great capacity for it, as you know; and



I asked him if he yet carried the Marshal's letter with the broken seal.

perhaps he has persuaded himself that we work better apart. Our later performances in and around Sabugal might well excuse that belief."

"But now I suppose you have some message for him. Is it urgent? Or will you satisfy me first how you came here—you, whom I left a prisoner on the road to Bayonne and, as I desperately thought, to execution?"

"There is no message, for I broke down before my work had well recommenced; and Wellington knows of my illness and my whereabouts, so there is no urgency."

He glanced at the Doctor and so did I. "The reverend father's behaviour assuredly suggested urgency," I said.

"And was there none?" asked the old man quietly. "You sons of war chase the oldest of human illusions: to you nothing is of moment but the impact of brutal forces or the earthly cunning which arrays and moves them. To me all this is less hateful than contemptible, in moment not comparable with the joy of a single human soul. Believe me, my sons, although the French have destroyed my peerless University—*fortis Salamantina, arx sapientie*—I were less eager to hurry God's avenging hand on them than to bring together two souls which in the pure joy of meeting soar for a moment together, and, fraternising, forget this world. Nay, deny it not: for I saw it, standing by. Least of all be ashamed of it."

"I am not sure that I understand you, holy father," I answered. "But you have done us a true service, and shall be rewarded by a confession—from a stubborn heretic, too." I glanced at Captain Alan mischievously.

My kinsman put up a hand in protest.

"Oh, I will prepare the way for you," said I: "and by-and-by you will be astonished to find how easy it comes." I turned to the Doctor Gonsalvez. "You must know, then, my father, that the Captain and I, though we follow the same business and with degrees of success we are too amiable to dispute about, yet employ very different methods. He, for instance, scorns disguises, while I pride myself upon mine. And, by the way, as a Professor of Moral Philosophy you are doubtless used to deciding questions of casuistry?"

"For twenty years, more or less, I have presided at the public disputations in the Sala del Claustro of our University."

"Then perhaps you will resolve me the moral difference between hiding in a truss of hay and hiding under a wig? For, in faith, I can see none."

"That is matter for the private conscience," broke in Captain Alan.

"Pardon me," suggested the Doctor; "you promised me a narrative, I believe."

"We'll proceed, then. Our methods—this, at least, is important—were different: which made it the more distressing that the similarity of our names confused us in our enemies' minds, who grossly mistook us for one and the same person: which not only humiliated us as artists but ended in positive inconvenience. At Sabugal, in April last, after a bewildering comedy of errors, the Duke of Ragusa captured my kinsman here, and held him to account for some escapade of mine, of which, as a matter of fact, he had no knowledge whatever. You follow me?"

The Doctor nodded gravely.

"Well, Marmont showed no vindictiveness, but said in effect, 'You have done, Sir, much damage to our arms, and without stretching a point I might have you hanged for a spy. I shall, however, treat you leniently, and send you to France into safe keeping, merely exacting your promise that you will not consent to be released by any of the *partidas* on the journey through Spain.' My cousin might have answered that he had never done an hour's scouting in his life save in the uniform of a British officer, and nothing whatever to deserve the death of a spy. Suspecting, however, that I might be mixed up in the business, he gave his parole and set out for the frontier under guard of a young cavalry officer and one trooper."

"Meanwhile I had word of his capture: and knowing nothing of this parole, I posted to Lord Wellington, obtained a bond for twelve thousand francs payable for my kinsman's rescue, sought out the guerilla chief, Mina, borrowed two men on Wellington's bond—the scoundrel would lend no more—and actually brought off the rescue at Beasain, a few miles on this side of the frontier. One of our shots broke the young officer's sword-arm, the trooper was pitched from his horse and stunned, and behold! my kinsman in our hands, safe and sound."

"It was then, reverend father, that I first heard of his parole. He informed me of it, and while thanking me for my succour, refused to accept it. 'Very well done,' say you as a Doctor of Morality. But meanwhile I was searching the young officer, and finding a letter upon him from the Duke of Ragusa, broke the seal. 'Not so well done,' say you: but again wait a moment. This letter was addressed to the Governor of Bayonne, and gave orders that Captain McNeill, as a spy and a dangerous man, should be forwarded to Paris in irons. There was also a hint that a request for his execution might accompany him to Paris. And this was a prisoner who, on promise of clemency, had given his parole! Now what, in your opinion, was a fair course for our friend here, on proof of this dirty treachery?"

"We will reserve this as Question Number Two," answered the Doctor gravely, "and proceed with the narrative, which (I opine) goes on to say that Captain McNeill preferred his oath to the excuse for considering it annulled, collected his escort, shook hands with you, and went forward to his fate."

"A man must save his soul," Captain McNeill explained modestly.

"You are to me, Sir, a heretic (pardon my saying it), which prevents me from taking as cheerful a view as I could wish concerning your soul. But assuredly you saved your honour?"

"Well, I hope so," the Captain answered, picking up the story: "but really, in the sequel, I had to take some decisions which, obvious as they seemed at the time, have since caused me grave searchings of heart, and upon which I shall be grateful for your opinion."

"Am I appealed to as a priest?"

"Most certainly not, but as a Professor—a title for which, by the way, we have in Scotland an extraordinary reverence. I rode on, Sir, with my escort, and that night

we reached Tolosa, where the young Lieutenant—his name was Gerard—found a surgeon to set his bone. He suffered considerable pain, yet insisted next morning upon proceeding with me. I imagine his motives to have been mixed; but please myself with thinking that a latent desire to serve me made one of them. On the other hand, the seal of Marmont's letter had been broken in his keeping; a serious matter for a young officer, and one which he would naturally desire to defer explaining. At Tolosa he accounted for his wound by some tale of brigands and a chance shot at long range. On the morrow we rode past Bidassoa and crossed the Irun. We were now on French soil. Throughout the morning he had spoken little, and I too had preferred my own thoughts. But now, as we broke our fast and cracked a bottle together at the first tavern on the French shore, I opened fire by asking him if he yet carried the Marshal's letter with the broken seal. 'To be sure,' said he. 'And what will you do with it?' I went on. 'Why, deliver it, I suppose, to the Governor of Bayonne, to whom it is addressed.' 'And, when asked to account for the broken seal, you will tell him the exact truth about it and the rescue?' 'I must,' he answered; 'and I hope my report will help you, Sir. It will not be my fault if it does not.' 'You are an excellent fellow,' said I; 'but it will help me little. You do not know the contents of that letter as I do—not willingly, but because it was read aloud in my presence by the man who opened it.' And before he could remonstrate, I had told him its purport. Now, Sir, that was not quite fair to the young man, and I am not sure that it was strictly honourable?"

Captain McNeill paused with a question in his voice.

"Proceed, Sir," said the Doctor: "I reserve this as Question Number Three, remarking only that the young man owed you something for having saved his life."

"Just so; and that is where the unfairness came in. He was inexpressibly shocked. 'Why,' he cried, 'the Marshal had put you under parole!' 'So far as the frontier,' said I: 'the promise upon which I swore was that I would not consent to be released by the *partidas* on my journey through Spain. Once in France, I could not escape his vengeance. Now for this very reason I have a right to interpret my promise strictly, and I consider that during the past half-hour my parole has expired.' 'I cannot deny it,' he allowed, and took a pace or two up and down the room, then halted in front of me. 'You would suggest, Sir, that since this letter was taken from me by the *partidas*, and you and I alone know that it was restored, I owe you the favour of suppressing it.' 'Good Heavens! my young friend,' I exclaimed, 'I suggest nothing of the sort. I may ask you to risk for my sake a professional ambition which is very dear to you, but certainly not to imperil your young soul by a falsehood. No, Sir, if you will deliver me to the Governor of Bayonne as a prisoner on honourable parole—which I will renew here and extend to the gates of that city only—and will then request an interview for the purpose of delivering your letter and explaining how the seal came to be broken, with Joly'—this was the trooper—'for witness, you will gain me all the time I hope to need.' 'That will be little enough,' objected he. 'I must make the most of it,' said I, 'and we must manage to time our arrival for the evening, when the Governor will either be supping or at the theatre, that the delay, if possible, may be of his creating.' 'I owe you more than this,' said the ingenuous youth. 'And I, Sir, am even ashamed of myself for asking so much,' I answered.

"Well, so we contrived it; entered Bayonne at night-fall, presented ourselves at the Citadel, and were, to our inexpressible joy, received by the Deputy-Governor, who heard the Lieutenant's report and endorsed the false paper of parole which Marmont had given me, and which, in fact, had now expired. The fatal letter Lieutenant Gerard kept in his pocket, while demanding an interview with the Governor himself. This (he was told) could not be granted until the morning—the Governor was entertaining that night—and with a well-feigned reluctance he saluted and withdrew. Outside the Deputy's door we parted without a word, and at the Citadel gate, having shown my pass, which left me free to seek lodgings in the city, I halted, and, under the sentry's nose, dropped a note into the Governor's letter-box. I had written it at Hendaye, and addressed it to the Duke of Ragusa; and it ran—

"Monsieur le Maréchal,—I send this under cover of the Governor from the city of Bayonne, out of which I hope to escape to-night, having come so far in obedience to my word, which appears to be more sacred than that of a Marshal of France. My escort, having been overpowered between Vittoria and Tolosa, I declined the rescue offered me, but not before your letter to the Governor had been broken open and its contents read, in my presence. This letter also I saw restored to its bearer, who during its perusal lay unconscious, of a severe and painful wound in his sword-arm. I beg to assure you that he has behaved in all respects as a gentleman of courage and honour: and, conceiving that you owe me some reparation, I shall rely on you that his prospects as a soldier are not in any way compromised by the miscarriage of your benevolent plans concerning me."

I laughed aloud, and even the Doctor relaxed his features.

"Bravo, kinsman!" said I. "If Marmont hates one thing more than another it's to see his majestic image diminished in the looking-glass. But—faith! I'd have kept that letter in my pocket until I was many miles south of Bayonne."

"South? You don't suppose I had any intention of escaping towards the Pyrenees? Why, my dear fellow, that's the very direction in which they were bound to search."

"Oh, very well," said I—a trifle nettled, I will confess—"perhaps you preferred Paris!"

"Precisely," was the cool answer. "I preferred Paris: and having but an hour or two to spare before the hotels closed, I at once inquired at the chief hotels if any French officer were starting that night for the capital. The first-named, if I remember, the *Hôtel du Sud*—I drew blank. At the second, the *Trois Couronnes*, I was informed that a chaise and four had been ordered by no less a man than General Souham, who would start that

night as soon as he returned from supping with the Governor. I waited: the General arrived a few minutes before ten o'clock: I introduced myself—"

"General Souham!"—I groaned. "Reverend father, I have not yet tasted the wine of Rueda: it appears to me its fumes are strong enough. He tells me he introduced himself to General Souham!"

"—and, I assure you, found him excellent company. We travelled three in the chaise—the General, his aide-de-camp, and your fortunate kinsman. A second chaise followed with the General's baggage. He and the aide-de-camp at times beguiled the road with a game of picquet: for myself, I disapprove of cards."

"Doubtless you told them so at an early stage?" I suggested, with a last effort at irony.

"I was obliged to, seeing that the General offered me a hand; but I did not, I hope, adopt a tone inconsistent with good fellowship. We travelled through to Paris, with a few hours' break at Orleans—an opportunity which I seized to purchase a suit of clothes more congruous than my uniform with the part I had to play in Paris. I had ventured to ask General Souham's advice, and he assured me that a British officer, though a prisoner on parole, might incur some risk from the Parisian mob by wearing his uniform in public."

"Cousin," said I, "henceforth pursue your tale without interruption. There was a time when, in my folly, I presumed to criticise your methods. I apologise."

"On leaving the tailor's shop I was accosted by a wretched creature who had seen me alight from the chaise in his Majesty's uniform, and had followed, but did not venture to introduce himself until I emerged in a less compromising garb. He was, it appeared, a British agent—and a traitor to his own country—and I gathered that a part of his dirty trade lay in assisting British prisoners to break their parole. He assumed that I travelled on parole, and insinuated that I might have occasion to break it: and, with all the will in the world to crack his head, I let the mistake and suspicion pass. For a napoleon I received the address of a Parisian agent in the Rue Carcassonne, whose name I will confide in you, in case you should ever require his services. For truly, although I had some difficulty in persuading him that I broke no faith in seeking to escape from France (a point in which self-respect obliged me to insist, though he himself treated it with irritating indifference), this agent proved a zealous fellow, and served me well."

"He fell in, too, with my proposals, complimented me on their boldness, and advanced me money to further them. I took a lodging *au troisième* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and for a fortnight walked Paris without an attempt at concealment, frequenting the cafés, and spending my evenings at the theatre. Once or twice I encountered Souham himself, with whom I had parted on the friendliest terms: but he did not choose to recognise me—perhaps he had his good-natured suspicions. At any rate, I went unchallenged, though walking all the while on a razor's edge. I had reckoned on two fair chances in my favour. There was a chance that the Governor of Bayonne, on finding himself tricked, would for his own security suppress Marmont's letter, trusting that the affair would pass without inquiry: and there was the further chance that Marmont himself, on receipt of my note, would remember the magnanimity which (to do him justice) he usually has at call, and give orders whistling off the pursuit. At any rate, I spent a fortnight in Paris; and no man questioned or troubled me."

"On the same morning that I paid my second weekly bill the agent called on me with a capital plan of escape, which (being a facetious fellow) he announced as follows: 'I wish you good morning, Mr. Buck,' he began. 'Sir,' I answered, 'I have no claim to such a designation. My pleasures in Paris have been entirely respectable, and I dislike familiarity.' 'Mr. Jonathan Buck,' I should have said. 'Sir,' I corrected him, 'if your clients are so numerous that you confuse their names, I must remind you that mine is McNeill.' 'Pardon me,' he replied, 'you have this morning inherited that of an American citizen who died suddenly last evening in an obscure lodging near the Barrière de Pantin; and, in addition, a passport now waiting for him at the Foreign Office, if you have the courage to claim it. You resemble the deceased sufficiently to answer a passport's description: and if you secure it, I advise a speedy departure, with Nantes for your objective.' Accordingly, that same evening I left Paris for the Loire."

"You had the coolness to apply for that passport?"

"And the good fortune to obtain it. If anything, my dear fellow, deserves the degree of astonishment your face expresses, it should rather be my consenting to use disguise, and so breaking through a self-denying ordinance on which you have sometimes rallied me. Suspense—the danger from Bayonne hourly anticipated—had perhaps shaken my nerves. At any rate, I travelled to Nantes as Mr. Jonathan Buck, and in that name took passage in a vessel bound for Philadelphia and on the point (as I understood) of lifting anchor."

"I slept that night on board the *Minnie Dwight*—this was the vessel's name—in full hope that my troubles were at an end. But next morning her captain came to me with a long face and a report that some hitch had occurred between him and the port authorities over his clearing-papers. 'And how long will this detain us?' I asked, cutting short an explanation too technical for my understanding. He answered that he had been to his Consul to protest, but could promise nothing short of a week's delay."

"Well, I saw nothing for it but to shut the cabin-door, make a clean breast of my fears, and desire him to help me in devising some new plan. He was a good fellow, and ingenious too; for after he had dashed up my hopes with the news that a similar embargo lay on all foreign ships in the port, his face cleared, and, said he, 'There's no help for it, but you must play the sea-lawyer and I the brutal tyrant. It's hard, too, upon a man who treats his crew like his own children, and victuals his ship like an eating-house: but a seaman's rig and forty dollars is all you need, and with this you'll fare off to the American Consul's and swear that I've made life a burden to you.' 'Why forty dollars?' I asked. He winked. 'That's earnest money that when you reach

the United States you'll have the law of me for ill-usage.' 'And what shall I get in exchange?' 'You will get a certificate enabling you to pass from port as a discharged sailor seeking a ship.' To cut my story short, I agreed; climbed down the ship's side in my new rig; waved an affecting farewell to my benevolent tyrant; and sought the American Consul, who (it seemed) was used to discontented seamen. At any rate, he accepted without suspicion his share in the dishonouring comedy, took my forty dollars, and made out my certificate."

Here the Captain glanced at Doctor Gonsalvez, who blinked.

Said I: "Even a Protestant must sometimes understand the relief of confession."

"Armed with this," he went on, "I made my way to the mouth of the Loire, to St. Nazaire, between which and Le Cricic lies a small island where, in the present weakness of the French marine, English ships of war are suffered to water unmolested. For ten napoleons I bribed an old fisherman to row me out at night to this island, which we reached at daybreak, and to our dismay found the anchorage empty. We cast our nets, however, for a blind, and taking a few fish on our way, worked slowly down to the south-west, where my comrade (and a faithful one he proved) had heard reports of an English frigate nosing about the coast. Sure enough, between breakfast and noon we caught sight of her topmasts: but

Duke of Ragusa's enemies if he happen to have any at headquarters. You, my cousin, will doubtless consider this mere supererogation, but I should be glad of the reverend Doctor's opinion."

"We will reserve this," said the Doctor, "as Question Number Five."

"And you promptly reshipped for Lisbon, followed the army to Salamanca, and resumed your work?" said I.

"Even so: but I suspect that these adventures have rattled me. I am not the man I was: else I had not succumbed so easily to a mere *coup-de-soleil*. Will the reverend Doctor complete the narrative by describing how he found me?"

"In a ditch," said the reverend Doctor placidly. "My college was destroyed: my beloved Salamanca in ruins. 'To a philosopher,' said I, 'all the world is a home; but especially such wine-vaults as are found in Rueda.' I saddled, therefore, my mule; loaded her with a very few books and still fewer sticks of furniture; more frugal even than Juvenal's friend Umbricius, *cui tota domus reda componitur una*. On my road, and almost under the shadow of this rock, my mule shied in the most ladylike fashion at sight of a redcoat prostrate in the dust. The rest you can guess: but assuredly I did not guess at the time that I had happened on one whose story will—if ever God restores me to my University—so illustrate my lectures as to make them

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. Maclagan entertained a party last week at Bishopthorpe Palace for the meeting of the Northern Convocation, which was held in the Zouche Chapel of York Minster.

The Archbishop of Canterbury never bears his years more lightly than when he is on a temperance platform. At the annual meeting of the National Temperance League he made a vigorous speech, and showed the liveliest interest in all the proceedings. The audience laughed heartily when Dr. Temple admitted that intoxicating liquors might be of use in the same way as senna and other excellent drugs.

The Rev. A. R. Buckland, who has succeeded Prebendary Borrett White as Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, has been the morning preacher at the Foundling Chapel for eleven years. He was born forty-three years ago at Newport, Monmouthshire, and was educated at Gloucester Grammar School, where Mr. W. E. Henley also attended. From Gloucester Mr. Buckland went to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he won a scholarship. Among his companions were the future Bishop Tucker of Uganda, and the Rev. F. S. Webster. Mr. Athelstan Riley was another contemporary, and he had great influence among the High



The General and his aide-de-camp beguiled the road with a game of picquet.

to reach her we must pass in full view and almost within point-blank range of a coast battery. We were scarcely abreast of it when a round-shot plumped into the sea ahead of us and brought us to, and almost at once a boatful of soldiers put off to board us.

"Their object, it turned out, was merely to warn us not to pass the battery, or the chances were five to one that the Englishman would capture us. In no way discomposed, my friend maintained that we (he passed me off as his son) must either fish or starve; that we had come a long distance, knew every inch of the coast, and ran no danger. He backed this up by bribing the soldiers with our whole morning's catch, and in the end they contented themselves by insisting that we should wait under the battery until nightfall and so depart. And this we did: but in the meanwhile, pretending our anxiety to avoid her, we cross-questioned the soldiers so precisely on the Englishman's bearings that, when darkness fell and we slipped our anchor, we ran straight down on her without the slightest difficulty. She was the *Agile* sloop of twenty-four guns, and from her deck I waved good-bye to the fisherman, scarcely more delighted by my safety than he by his napoleons, which in my gratitude I had raised to fifteen.

"The *Agile* landed me in Plymouth without mishap: and so end my adventures. I ought to add, however, that, though my own conscience held no reproach for my trick upon Marmont, I sought and obtained permission from the War Office to select a prisoner of my own rank and exchange him with France; and with him I sent a precise account, which will afford some amusement to the

appear that which they will not be—an entirely new set of compositions."

"Well," said I, "the hour is late; and however cheerfully you men of conscience and of casuistry may look forward to spending the night in these caves, I have seen enough, and have enough imagination at the back of it, to desire nothing so little."

"I will escort you," said the Doctor.

"That was implied," I answered: and after shaking hands with my kinsman and promising to visit him on the morrow, I suffered myself to be guided back along the horrible passages. On the way the Doctor Gonsalvez paused more than once to chuckle, and at each remove I found this indulgence more uncanny.

In the great cellar we came upon the sergeant of the 36th, still slumbering. I stirred him with my foot, and, sitting up, he amicably invited us to join him in a drink. I did so, the Doctor drawing it from the spigot into a pail.

"Might be worse!" hiccupped the sergeant, watching me.

I agreed that it might be a great deal worse. Between us we steered him out, through the tunnel, along the ledge, and so to the archway under which Venus sparkled in the purple heaven. Here the Doctor bade us good-night, and left me to pilot my drunkard down the cliff. At the foot he shook hands with me in a fervour of tipsy gratitude: and I returned the grasp with an *embressement*, a passion almost, the exact grounds of which unless he should happen to read these lines and remember the circumstances—contingencies which perhaps are equally unlikely—he will certainly never know.

THE END.

Church undergraduates. Mr. Buckland acted at one time as a reviewer for the *Yorkshire Post*, then edited by Mr. Charles Pebody, whose Life he wrote for the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Father Stanton, in a most interesting lecture delivered in the hall of St. Albans, Holborn, described his Easter visit to Spain. It is difficult at all times to persuade Father Stanton to lecture, and the crowded attendance on this occasion included several clergymen. One of the most fascinating parts of the address was that in which the lecturer described the Blessing of the Oils at Seville, during Holy Week—a ceremony which brings the Bishop into personal touch with every member of the diocese. Of the Spaniards generally Father Stanton speaks with cordial appreciation, and he seems to have found the clergy of Seville most friendly and communicative.

The Bishop of Peterborough has been making satisfactory progress towards recovery during the week, but owing to the serious nature of the accident, a long illness is inevitable. Prayers have been offered at the Cathedral and in the churches throughout the diocese for his recovery, as well as thanksgivings for the preservation of his life.

The meetings of the Baptist Union last week were crowded and enthusiastic, especially on the opening day, when the presence of Dr. Maclaren of Manchester proved a great attraction. The new President, the Rev. J. R. Wood, has been Pastor of the Baptist Church in Upper Holloway since 1874. He has maintained cordial relations with his Anglican neighbours.

V.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF 1902: SOCIETY'S DAY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE PRIVATE VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE, MAY 2.

This year the Academy Private View entirely recovered from the shadow which overcast it in 1901 owing to the death of Queen Victoria, and the gathering gave some forecast of the brilliancy which is to mark the Coronation season. Society, the world of art, letters, and the stage, were more than adequately represented; and in the third gallery, where the King's portrait is hung, the crowd was greatest all day long.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOFK.



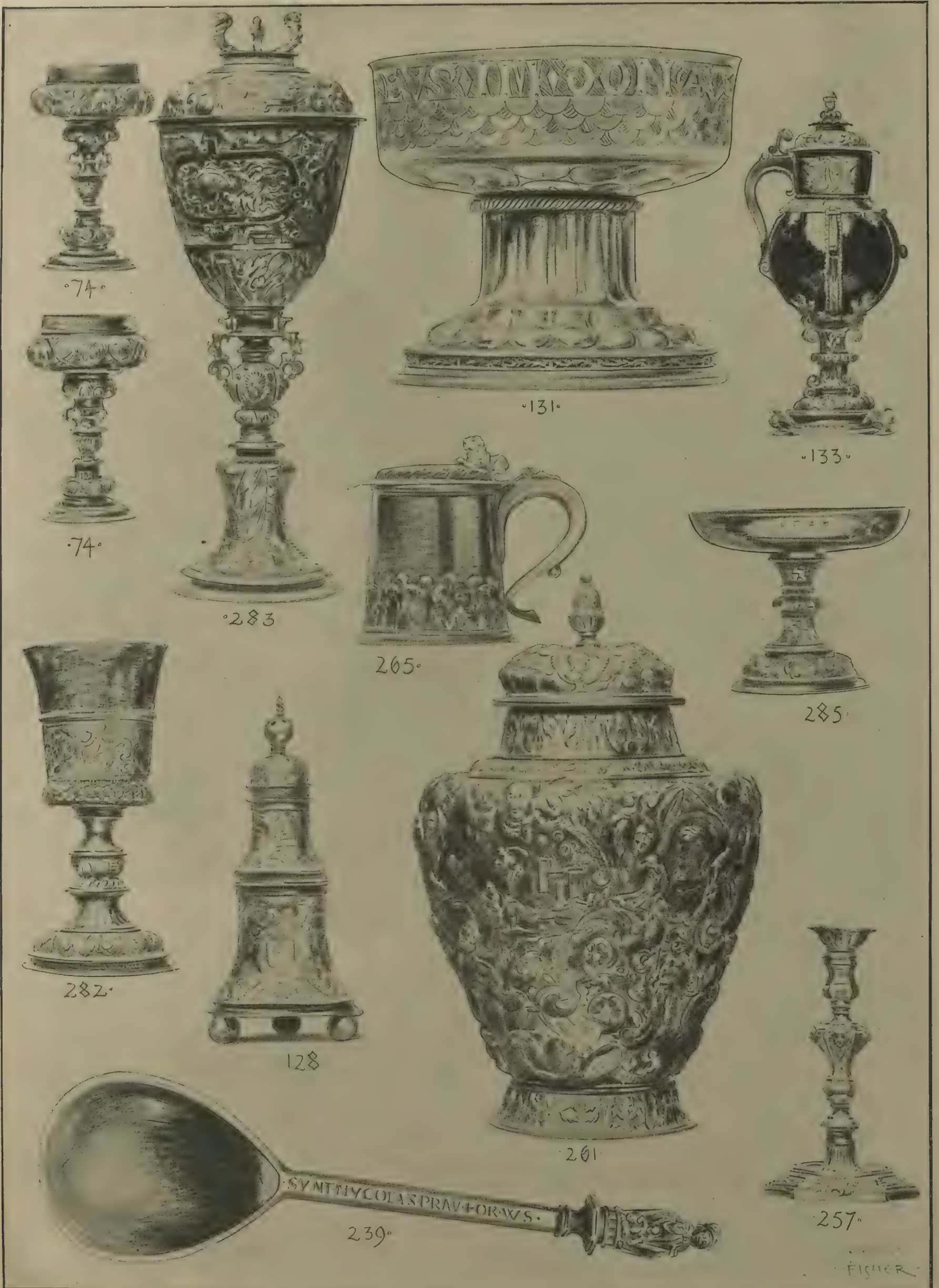
1. A BAYONET ATTACK BY ZOUAVES.
2. A CUIRASSIER IN FULL DRESS.

3. A CORPORAL OF THE LINE WITH FIELD KIT.
4. A SPAHI. 5. AN AMBULANCE-WAGON.

6. FIELD ARTILLERY: "PREPARE FOR CAVALRY"—POSITION OF GUNNERS
IN A HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT.

COSTLY SILVER PLATE: THE SALE OF THE DUNN-GARDNER COLLECTION.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



NOTABLE EXAMPLES AND PRICES.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 74. A Standing Cup and Cover, forming a pair of Cups, silver-gilt, 17½ in. high, £1200. | 239. A Henry VII. Spoon, partly gilt, inscribed SVNT . NVCOLAS . PRAY . FOR . WS, surmounted by the figure of St. Nicholas restoring the children to life. London, 1488. £690 (Crichton). | 265. A Charles II. Tankard and Cover, £345 (Heigham). |
| 128. An Elizabethan Standing Salt, entirely gilt, 9½ in. high, 4½ in. greatest diameter, £580 (Crichton). | 257. One of a Pair of William III. Table Candlesticks, 9 in. high, 6½ in. diameter, £13 (Carrington). | 282. A Jacobean Goblet, entirely gilt, 9½ in. high, 4½ in. diameter, £330 (S. J. Phillips). |
| 131. A Tudor Cup, on foot, entirely gilt, 4½ in. high, 4½ in. diameter, £4100 (Crichton). | 261. A William and Mary Vase and Cover, 22½ in. high, £1086 (Durlacher). | 283. A James I. Tall Standing Cup and Cover, entirely of silver-gilt, 19 in. high, 7 in. diameter, £4000 (Durlacher). |
| 133. A Coconut Cup, with silver-gilt mounts, 9½ in. high, English 17th century, £960 (Hodgkins). In 1858 this piece fetched only £20. | | 285. An Elizabethan Tazza, entirely gilt, 5½ in. high, 6½ in. diameter, £900 (Crichton). |

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS PEACE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR.



BURGHERS IN COUNCIL: A BOER PARLIAMENT ON THE VELDT.

In accordance with the Constitution of the former Boer Republics, the right of deciding on peace and war rests with the assembled burghers; and before the peace negotiations can come to a definite conclusion, the delegates will have to secure the popular assent of the burghers still in the field.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Two Winters in Norway. By A. Edmund Spender. (London: Longmans. 10s. 6d.)
William Black: A Biography. By Wemyss Reid. (London: Cassell, and Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.)
The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
Ilseé, Prinzessin von Tripolis. Done into German Prose by Regine Adler, from the Original Poem by Robert de Flers. (B. Koci.)
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. (London: George Newnes. 6s.)
The French People. By Arthur Hassall, M.A. (Heinemann. 6s.)

We are not quite sure that "Two Winters in Norway" fully accomplishes the end with which the reader is most



HEADPIECE TO "ISABELLA."

Reproduced by permission from Messrs. Bell and Sons' new edition of two of John Keats' longer poems.

concerned. Mr. Spender wishes to induce all the world and his wife to visit the country while it is "at its best." We are sufficiently impressed with the attractions of ski-jumping, the excitements of sleigh-travel, the need of warm clothes, and the exhilarating atmosphere of the Norwegian winter; but are not convinced that Norway in winter compares more than favourably with Norway in summer. Regarded as a narrative of travel, there is little fault to be found with the book. Mr. Spender received a welcome which enabled him to accept Arctic cold, mosquitoes, risks of the road, and other trifles with a light heart, and enables him to describe his experiences in the most cheerful vein. He appears to have seen practically everything Norway and hospitable Norwegians could show him: learned to travel on ski, explored a silver-mine, and persuaded himself he enjoyed it; inspected the small-arms factory at Kongsberg and embarrassed his guide by the technical knowledge which enabled him to appreciate the merits of the then new Krag-Jorgensen rifle; went to the ski-jumping championship meeting, and gives an excellent account of the proceedings; took a trip on the ice-breaking steamer which keeps the Christiania port open in winter; interviewed Bjørnsen the actor, after sitting out the "Taming of the Shrew" in Norwegian; did a little mountaineering; undertook an awful journey to visit a family of Lapps at home on the high fjelds, and attended the winter manoeuvres of a Norwegian brigade among other things. The only thing he might have done and omitted to do was to bore a hole in the ice and fish through it: this form of sport struck him as tedious as well as chilly, and, by the exercise of self-denial we feel sure, he refrained. The book has been somewhat hastily written, but it is full of information of such varied character that it must appeal to an unusually wide circle of readers. The illustrations from photographs are numerous, but are by no means invariably good.

The beacon erected on Duart Point, Mull, by his friends and admirers is a more striking memorial to William Black than Sir Wemyss Reid's "Life" of him, which has just been published. In saying this we are not seeking to criticise the biographer. Given the demand for a "Life," the claims of friendship often single out the writer, and his part is to be judged, not by the quality of the materials at his disposal, but only by the use he makes of them. It was natural that a "Life" of so popular an author as William Black should be called for; and Sir Wemyss Reid has discharged his duty to his dead friend discreetly on the whole, if somewhat naïvely (as when he speaks of the favourable verdict of the reading public being "still more precious" than that of the critics), and with an admirable loyalty. He cannot be blamed for the thinness of the result, for that is clearly due to a meagreness, quite remarkable, of the stuff of which interesting biography is made. A Glasgow lad of humble origin, Black won his place as a novelist in London without having to undergo hardship. He had to work industriously and conscientiously, as he worked to the end; but he had a fluent journalistic gift, and it earned for him a comfortable enough position until "A Daughter of Heth," which made his literary reputation, brought him also his copious measure of material success. There were no strenuous passages, no startling incidents

in his life. But this alone would not account for the uninteresting materials for biography which Black left behind him; nor do his regular, methodical habits of work entirely explain it. A remarkable thing about the "Life" is that it records practically no friendships or close intimacies with novelists or imaginative writers, his contemporaries, with the exception of James Payn and Mr. Bret Harte; and, save for an incidental veiled reference to R. L. Stevenson, it does not even contain a mention of those of the generation younger than his own. No doubt, he seems to have made his friends greatly among painters—but, then, the "Life" is as barren of artistic as of literary appreciations. The letters printed are, with scarce an exception, most ordinary on most ordinary matters. Black's own work, we conclude, is extraordinarily good considering the intellectual equipment he brought to it, and will live less because of its strength or distinction than because of its charm.

"The Lady Paramount" does not depend on its plot, yet in a sense its plot is everything; and we will discover it in a general way without compunction, because in a general way it discovers itself in the very first chapter. Her Excellency Susanna dei Valdeschi della Spina, Contessa di Sampaolo, is descended from a usurper of Sampaolo's scarlet throne, and the legitimate Count, her cousin, is plain Mr. Craford, Mr. Anthony Craford, of Craford in England. It is Susanna's twenty-second birthday, and she does not lose a moment of the freedom from her duenna, the Baronessa, and her guardian, old Commendatore Fregi, which the anniversary brings her as her right. Under the *nom de guerre* of the Widow Torrebianca, she starts immediately for England, to see her unknown cousin, and, having seen him, to— At any rate, when they meet, the Widow Torrebianca is satisfied with Anthony, and he is more than satisfied with her, and—to make short a story that could never be long with Mr. Harland as teller—the Count of Sampaolo comes into his own, and the Countess as his bride shares it with him. This gay plot—the development of which introduces to us Miss Sandus and Mr. Adrian Willes, a delightful pair—is worked out in the lightest and brightest and cleverest manner, and in a manner, too, that is Mr. Harland's own. Hence "The Lady Paramount" has distinction. At a first reading we are whisked away by the felicitous charm of the telling, and perhaps miss other qualities, in the novelist's methods and in its results, which a further reading will disclose. And that they will amply repay a second and a third reading is high praise which we gladly bestow upon "The Lady Paramount."

Admirers of Alphonse Mucha's work will welcome the appearance of "Ilseé, Prinzessin von Tripolis," a book which contains some admirable examples of this artist's drawings. Half fairy story, half allegory, the narrative—written in most musical and picturesque German—gives the history of Jaufré, son of Jaufré, Count of Blaye. The latter was a typical roistering baron of stirring times, but his son was of another mould. On the death of his father he lived on in the old castle with his sister Eymardine, and spent his time sauntering in the woods caring for the flowers and dreaming of an ideal love to which one day he felt he should attain. Far away in Africa, the beautiful Princess Ilseé sat in her palace also weaving fancies round an unknown lover, whom she pictured so vividly that, despite her father's anger, she refused to make her choice from the three suitors



A DESIGN BY A. MUCHA.

Reproduced from "Ilseé, Prinzessin von Tripolis," by permission of Mr. B. Koci, the publisher.

pleading for her hand. Plunged in despair, she heard of the arrival of a band of shipwrecked pilgrims, and learnt from them that their pilgrimage had been undertaken for the cure of their young master the Count, who lay under the spell of a brooding melancholy from which he could not be roused. With sad eyes the Princess watched them

depart, but on their return home the news they brought of the wonderful Princess caused the dying Jaufré to set out to seek the lady of his dreams. On the voyage his strength grew weaker and weaker, but it was granted to him to gaze upon the Princess before he died, and to learn of her love for him. Mucha's illustrations—beautifully reproduced in colour—convey most successfully the mystical poetic atmosphere of the story.

Dr. Conan Doyle has dipped freely into the common stock-pot of the writers of detective stories, and has drawn forth, among other ingredients, a family curse of irreproachable antiquity—in the form of a demon hound—a determined hero; an innocent, flaxen-haired, naturalist villain; a black-bearded spy in a hansom, two ladies of mixed character, an escaped convict, a mysterious death, a weird cry on a lonely moor, a bog-hole with an unpleasant appetite for ponies and more important game; and an urgent warning addressed to the inheritor of the curse by some person or persons unknown. Out of this unpromising and familiar material the author of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," with the art of a literary Vatel, has prepared a dish which will



DESIGN FROM "ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL."

By permission of the Publishers.

assuredly tickle the palate of the *gourmet* in sensational fiction. Sherlock Holmes, in spite of the fact that his actions occasionally suggest a conjurer seeking to amuse children, is as fascinating as ever, although his misuse of his exceptional power of observation in one instance at least would almost justify an abnormally sensitive chronicler in following the example of the great French cook before mentioned on the non-arrival of the lobsters for his sauce. Dr. Watson is examining a walking-stick which has been forgotten by a client. "Well, Watson," says the detective, "what do you make of it?" Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation. "How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head." "I have, at least, a well-polished silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me," said he." Dr. Watson, the detective's Boswell, not only chronicles his friend's doings, but plays a very considerable part in the story: for quite a number of chapters Holmes does not appear, although, as might have been anticipated, he has not remained passive.

It may be said without injustice to "The Great Peoples" series that it has begun unequally. Major Hume's volume upon the Spanish people was not only admirable, but was almost the only good summary that could have been written in this country upon that subject. It will, we believe, remain a standard work. Of Mr. Hassall's volume it is impossible to write with the same praise. That the work is painstaking, it needs but a mention of the author's name to assure the reader: that it is comprehensive in its main scheme, or even accurate in its general impression, is debatable. The first four chapters, which deal with the history of France previous to the accession of a national dynasty in 987, seem to us to leave aside all the research of the modern French school since 1873. The whole material transformation of the latter twelfth and early thirteenth century is dismissed in a few wholly inadequate lines on page 103. We do not see, in the summary on pages 112-113 a sufficient analysis—however elementary—of the Lancastrian experiment in Northern France, nor does the author appear to distinguish the dynastic and national interests which were clearly divided in the origins of that fifteenth century to which we owe half the plagues that beset modern Europe. The latter part of the book is better conceived than the earlier. The division which treats of the Reformation in France is neither biased nor superficial. If the enormous economic progress of the seventeenth century is passed aside by the author, still, its political development is well sketched. Indeed, the former point is not yet familiar to English minds, and might hardly be expected in a popular textbook. On pages 280-81 the author falls into the error of imagining that local government in France derived its origin from Napoleon. It is an error for which he may plead the curious and perhaps insincere specialism of Taine, and it is one of which only the younger generation need feel ashamed. As to Mr. Hassall's remarks upon the modern nation, we should find them more difficult to criticise because the whole matter with which they deal is still immediate and unsettled. It is remarkable that they strike a far better balance than do the great majority of such judgments, and that they are wholly free from what we may perhaps call without irreverence "the tinge of the newspaper." The volume is accompanied and elucidated by an excellent map. The next volume of the series will be "The Russian People," by Mr. J. Fitzmaurice Kelly.

THE OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SURREY v. WORCESTERSHIRE AT THE OVAL; AND THE AUSTRALIANS PRACTISING AT LORD'S.

The first inter-county cricket match of the season, Surrey v. Worcestershire, resulted in a draw, the game being abandoned on May 3, after two days' play, owing to the heavy rain. The most notable performance was that of Lockwood, who made 103 for Surrey. In the first innings Worcestershire scored 149 to Surrey's 292. When play was stopped, Worcestershire had made 60 for three wickets. During the same days the Australian team were at the nets at Lord's.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I was reading the other day a passage by Goethe which struck me as finding an apt illustration in certain scientific facts relating to those curious fishes whereof the flounders, soles, brill, and halibut are familiar examples. The great poet-philosopher speaks of "the orderly growth of form," which "is seen to hold, whilst yielding to change from causes operating from without." The substance of the living being, as it were, remains, while its lineaments alter through the action of the environment wherewith it is encompassed.

In such words does the philosopher forestall the belief of later days that the surroundings and mode of life of an animal or plant act as causes of variation, and therefore of evolution. This belief, one may add, includes another—namely, that the changes thus acquired are capable—habit and structure alike—of being handed onward to the descendants of those forms in which they have appeared. The case of the soles and other flat-fishes offers an instructive illustration of variations due to special causes, and such as have undoubtedly been transmitted to become part and parcel of the specific life. Noting a sole or flounder lying on the fish-monger's slab, we see that the fish possesses a dark or upper surface, which ordinary folks term its "back," and a white surface, on which it rests on the sand. This last would, of course, be popularly termed the "belly" of the fish. This idea of sole-conformation is not at all an unreasonable one, judged by a commonplace standard, for we might naturally suppose that an animal's lower surface would be that whereon it rests, the back being the opposite and upper surface.

When, however, we begin to compare the sole and its neighbours with other and ordinary fishes, we at once detect our error. The sole swims and lies, not on its belly, but on one *side*, and the dark-coloured surface, is, of course, its other side. This fact is easy to prove. Looking at the flatfish, we see borne on each side a breast-fin. This fin we observe on the sides of all fishes, and not on the back or belly. Furthermore, edging one margin of the body—the upper, of course—we see the long back fin, while below is the long anal fin. Again, if we place the sole upright, in the posture of any ordinary fish, we see that the flat sides of the tail fin correspond in it, as in all fishes, with the sides of the body. The flatfishes, therefore, swim and lie on one side, and it is this one-sided affair which in reality constitutes a veritable romance of zoology.

The most deceptive feature about our sole or flounder is seen in the fact that both eyes lie on the dark side of the head. This conformation tends to confuse the observer still further, for that the two eyes should exist on one side of a fish appears to be an unusual and unwonted state of matters. Yet such is the case. It is the left side on which the eyes are usually found, but occasionally they are seen on the right side. The mouth is also twisted round, so as to exist largely on the side of the head which bears the eyes, and this latter character adds to the apparent reality of the popular belief about the dark surface being the back of the fish. The dark surface of such a fish as a skate, however, is really its back, and those fishes, of course, rest on the belly or under body-surface.

As in so many other cases, we find in the past history of the soles and flounders the clues to the understanding of the causes that have produced the curious conformation of body seen in these fishes. When the flatfish emerges from the egg, we find it to present itself as a normal fish in every respect. It swims straight up and down in the water, it shows an eye on each side of its head where eyes should be, and the two sides of its body are coloured alike. But soon after its birth one eye, that of the side on which the fish is destined to rest, begins to shift its position. It literally travels to the other side of the head, and comes to occupy a position alongside its neighbour organ. Of old, naturalists were inclined to believe that the eye passed through the skull to reach the other side of the body. Nowadays, the process is known to be accomplished through a species of torsion or twisting of the head-bones. A Japanese observer has described a species of flatfish in which the front of the back-fin is specially modified for the change in the position of the eye.

Beyond the mere facts lies the question of the cause thereof, and this latter feature involves in its turn the explanation of the peculiar conformation of the race of fishes with whose case we are dealing. They begin life, as we have seen, swimming in a sensible way, as do other fishes; but they are none the less handicapped from the start, for, owing to the disproportionate depth of the body as compared with its thickness, the youthful sole or flounder soon shows a tendency to overbalance. It is like a crank ship, and heels over on its side, finding it easier to rest on the sand than to swim. As it lies on one side the lower eye is so far useless, of course, but the young fish is seen to make desperate efforts to use the under eye, twisting its head about, as if to look round the corner of its own head. Thus the eye, as Malm long ago showed, is pressed against the upper part of its socket, and the torsion thus exhibited ultimately ends in the conveyance of the under eye to the other side of the body.

Here a mechanical cause, the shape of the body, induces a remarkable change in the anatomy of the fish. Once inaugurated, the transit of the eye has become in the flatfishes a natural process, perpetuated by the ordinary laws of heredity. Certain members of the group remain, like other fishes, with an eye on each side of the head. They alter not, while their neighbours twist their skulls to distortion. It is thus that evolution seeks and finds its subjects. Between the normal fish and that with the twisted skull there are all degrees and gradations to be found. And this last feature also is the best proof of all that the personal history of the fishes is really a recapitulation of the story of their race.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

J ALLEN (Teignmouth).—We much sympathise with you in your loss.

BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Amended problem received with thanks.

E BREGON (Cardiff).—We are in receipt of your batch of problems, and shall give them our careful attention.

F A (Portobello).—Much obliged.

C W (Sunbury) and W A CLARK.—Many thanks.

N M GIBBINS, H A SALWAY, and STANLEY COUTTS.—Your problems are marked for insertion.

M J TRESDALE (Dulwich).—Our rule is not to answer letters by post. There was no solution to No. 3011, as was stated by us in a subsequent issue to its publication.

G ATCHINSON (Peterborough).—Your problem is correct, but the idea has been worked so often that we are not able to make use of the position.

R BEE (Cowpen).—That is the road to success.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3015 received from A C M (Valparaiso) and Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of Nos. 3019 and 3020 from C A M (Penang); of No. 3024 from Charles Field Junior (Athal, Mass.), J Bailey (Newark), and Kenneth S Johnson (Woburn, Mass.); of No. 3025 from Eugene Henry (Catford), G Bakker (Rotterdam), and J Bailey; of No. 3026 from A Belcher (High Wycombe), Dr. Goldsmith, E B V Hussey (Peterborough), Dane John, D B R (Oban), Clarchen, W D A Barnard (Uppingham), J F Moon, George H Kelland (Jersey), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Miles Taylor (Dunstable), Walter C Bennett (Windsor), E S (Holbeach), Dan Doyle (Stirling), F Adams (Portobello), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), René Younes (Tunis), Eugene Henry, J D Tucker (Ilkley), and Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell).

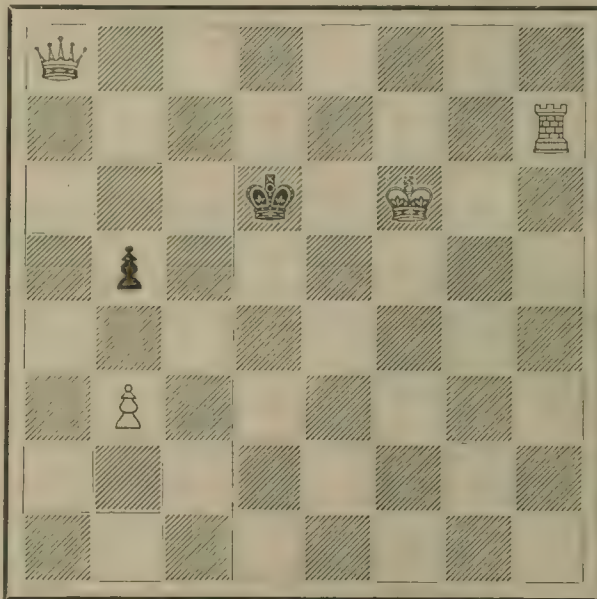
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3027 received from E B V Hussey, F B (Worthing), R Worters (Canterbury), Charles Burnett, L Desanges, J Gilbert (Salford), Lance-Corporal Laxton (Windsor), E J Winter-Wood, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Eugene Henry, W D Easton (Sunderland), Shadforth, G T Hughes (Dublin), J Coad, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Clement C Danby, John Kelly (Glasgow), T Roberts, Martin F, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Edith Corser (Reigate), W M Eglinton (Birmingham), Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Sorrento, F J S (Hampstead), Alpha, Thomas Charlton, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Thomas Shoebridge (Nuteley), C W Porter (Crawley), Dan Doyle (Stirling), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C E Perugini, A Belcher, H Beaumont (Hexham-on-Tyne), Dane John, and Hereward.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3026.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt sq. Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3029.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in New Orleans between Messrs. R. H. HOLMES

and G. H. NORTON.

(Ginco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt (R 2) to Kt 4	Q to Kt 3rd
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	A very effective move. White threatened Kt takes P, followed by Q takes R. It will be found that Black has the upper hand from this point; but White struggles gamely to the end.	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	22. K to R sq	P to K R 4th
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. Kt to R 2nd	P to Q 4th
5. B to K Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd	24. P takes P	P takes P
6. Castles		25. P to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
The opening is not well managed by White; 5. B to Kt 5th is not a strong continuation.		26. P takes P	P takes P
7. P to K R 3rd	Castles	27. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q 6th
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to R 4th	28. Kt to R sq	Kt to K 7th
9. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes B	29. K R to K sq	Q to Kt 6th
10. B to K 3rd	Q to K sq	30. Kt to B sq	Q to Kt 3rd
P to Q 4th now would have been more to the point.		31. Q to K 3rd	B takes P
11. P to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	32. P takes B	R takes P
12. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K B 4th	33. R takes Kt	Q to B 3rd (ch)
13. P takes P	P takes P	34. R takes R	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
14. Kt takes B	B takes B	35. K to Kt sq	Q to K 5th
To prevent 15. Kt to Q 5th, Kt takes Kt; 16. Q takes Kt (ch), followed by Q takes R.		36. R to Kt 3rd	Q to K 5th (ch)
15. Kt to R 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd	37. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 5th (ch)
16. Kt to Q 5th	Q to B 2nd	38. Kt (Kt 3) to Q 2	Q to Q 5th (ch)
17. P to K B 3rd	B to K 3rd	39. K to R sq	Q to Q 7th
18. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd	40. Kt to Kt sq	Q to B 7th
19. Kt to K 3rd	Q R to Q sq	41. Kt to K 3rd	Q to B 7th
20. Q R to Q sq	Kt to B 5th	42. Kt to B sq	P to R 5th
		43. R to K 3rd	P to R 5th
		44. Kt to B 3rd	R to K B sq
		45. Kt to K 4th	Q takes Kt (ch)
		White resigns.	

BLINDFOLD PLAY.

Game played in a Blindfold Exhibition in America by Mr. PILLSBURY.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. B to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd
2. Q Kt to B 3rd	K Kt to B 3rd	11. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes P
3. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	12. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
4. P takes P	Q Kt takes P	13. B to B 4th	Q to K 3rd
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	14. Kt takes P (ch)	B takes Kt
6. P to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	15. B takes B	Castles
7. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K 3rd	16. B to Q 6th	R to K sq
Not P to K R 3rd, because of Kt to Q 5th, which White threatens at once.		17. Q to Q 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. Castles K R	Q takes B
9. P to Q 5th	Kt takes Q P	Black could not resist this trap. It was necessary to Castle K R, so that Q takes Q (ch) was avoided.	
10. Kt takes Kt		19. Q R to K sq	Resigns.
A very pretty muddle. Now White threatens to win by Kt takes P (ch).			

We regret to learn from a correspondent of the death of Mr. H. Courtenay Fox, some of whose problems have appeared in this column from time to time.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

Sir E. J. Poynter contributes six pictures, half of them water-colours, to the exhibition at the Royal Academy. The place of honour is not assigned to his "Storm Nymphs" by reason of its size. One of the smallest canvases he has ever exhibited, it is also one of the most complete. With all his love of minute detail, the President is no realist. That, perhaps, is why he is at his best in a composition dealing with things imagined rather than with things seen. The storm nymphs are studies of the nude; but Sir Edward did not study them in the cave at the entrance of which they await the spoils borne to them by the robber waves from a perishing ship. In another small and academic composition Sir Edward has depicted "The Vision of Endymion." Selene, with her moonlight veil, crescent-shaped, and "woven as woof of flag-lilies," is in the act of approaching the sleeping shepherd, already the companion of his dreams.

To Keats must be assigned the greatest influence exerted by a poet of the last century over the art of the last few decades. Sir Edward Poynter quotes no lines when cataloguing his Endymion picture; but they come unprompted to the onlooker. Mr. Frank Dicksee places a verse on the first page of the current catalogue—

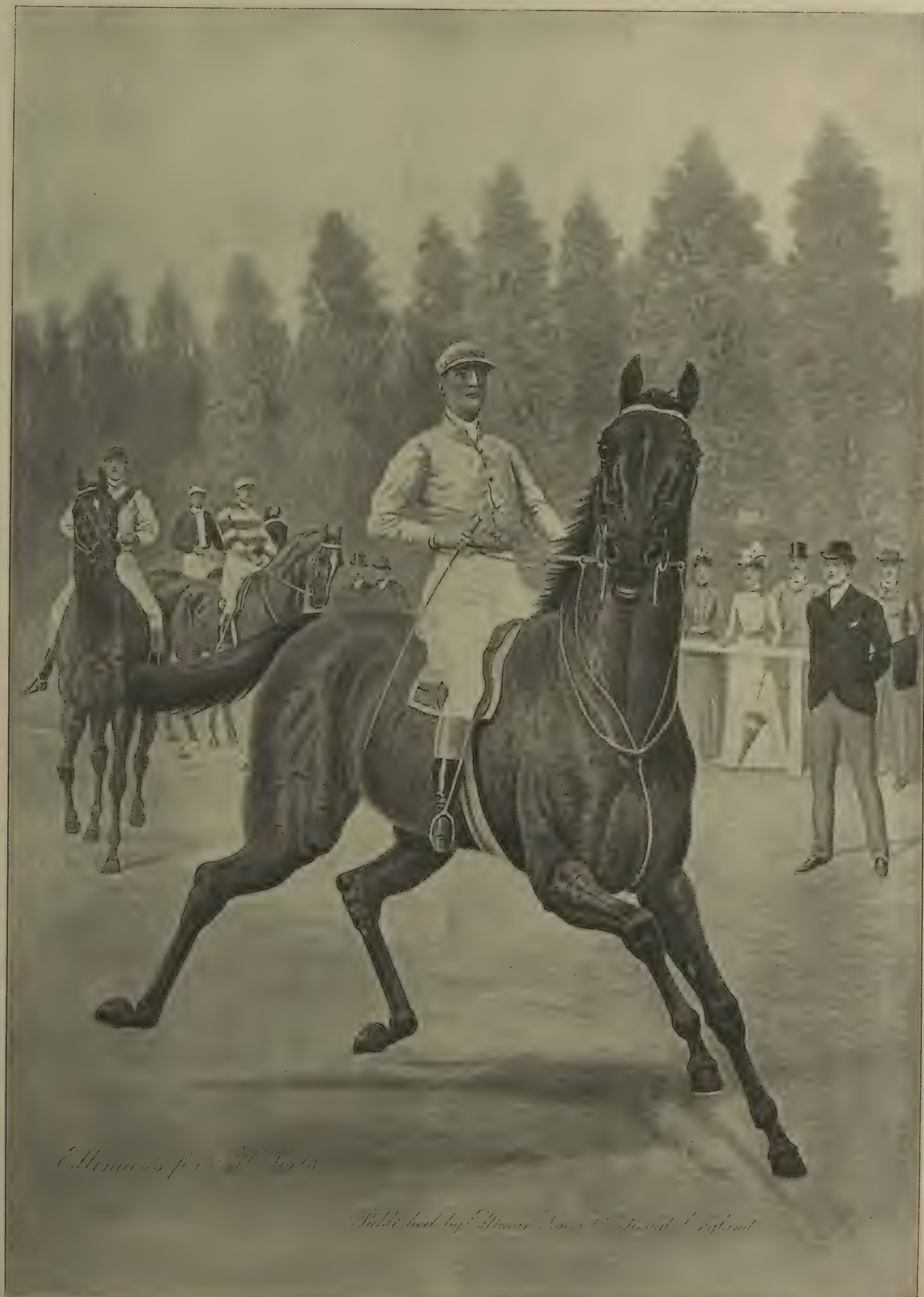
I sat her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong she would bend, and sing
A faery's song.

Mr. Dicksee, in his version of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," does not set out to be the "sedulous ape" of Keats. There is here no "wild wildness" of eye; and, did we not know that knights even to-day can be beguiled by ladies whose fascination is not equally apparent to all beholders, we might once more wonder at the fatality of shafts from the eyes of Mr. Dicksee's dame. Here are the profuse accessories, the adorning draperies that are associated with this artist's popularity. A portrait that is remarkable for its accessories—nay, that is almost a study of still life—can be seen in Sir L. Alma-Tadema's presentment of "Max Waechter, Esq., D.L., High Sheriff of Surrey." This gentleman is painted with the close observance and the smooth touch which Sir L. Alma-Tadema has given so successfully to surfaces that are less mobile than flesh, less mobile than flowers, less mobile than clothes-textures even. Not quite so adventurous as the incursion of this painter of marble into the realms of the painters of flesh is that of Mr. von Herkomer from his firmly settled grooves as a portrait-painter into his ancient domain as a landscapist. Some breath of his old "Wind-swept" picture seems to be revived in the "Watching the Invaders"—his only subject-picture of this year.

In great contrast to Mr. von Herkomer's piece, yet also romantic in its inspiration, is "A Tanagraean Pastoral," by Mr. George H. Boughton. Unsubstantial treatment seems here to suit a subject that, in that sense and in others, is happily conceived. Mr. Alfred East seeks and finds the pastoral in his "Idyll of Como." The tinting is all delicately touched; tree-growth is finely understood, and the figures are informed by a classic jocundity. "The Valley of the Lambourne," a largely painted canvas, is another of his successes. We get back to the strenuousness of Mr. von Herkomer's illustration when we approach the "Across the Heath" of Mr. Leader, an artist who is nothing if not literal; and the canvases of Mr. MacWhirter. The "Three Kings, Sherwood," of this artist are, of course, three oaks, in accordance with the written word, "The monarch oak, sole king of forests all." His "Lake of Geneva" gives us the view above Vevey. Mr. David Murray shows this season to good purpose in his "Glade in Wharfedale" and his "The Scar: Bolton Abbey"; and so does Mr. E. A. Waterlow in his "Backwater on the Ouse" and his "River Blyth, Suffolk."

Mr. Henry Tuke is a yachtsman as well as a painter of the sea, and he may be said to show his strength in both capacities in "The Run for Home." What is unusual in a sea-painter is his delightful feeling for decorative beauty, showing itself here in the scheme of colour, in the almost idyllic figures of his sailors and boys, and again expressed in the title of a second delightful picture, "Ruby, Gold, and Malachite." Mr. Stanhope Forbes brings a broad touch to his "Chadding: Mount's Bay," where in bluest blue water a boat-load of boys are seen fishing. Mr. Forbes never shirks a story-incident, and the boys have just hooked a chad—a fish, by the way, that needs careful handling by fingers that fear pricks. What may be called an indoor sea-picture is his "Skipper's Yarn," where sailors three are seen within shelter of the cabin. Mr. Napier Hemy, in "The Crew" and "A Letter from over the Sea," carries forward his record of success; as does Mr. Colin Hunter in his "Voices of the Sea." Three pictures, partly of water, which claim more than a passing glance, if only a passing word, are Mr. Leslie's "The Last Ray," a delightful old-world manor-house set on a stream, and shown in the rather phantasmal light in which day dies; Mr. Goodall's "The Pastoral Bedouin Rejoicing at the Time of the Overflow of the Nile"; and Mr. Wyllie's "Houses of Parliament" as seen from Waterloo.

Mr. Bramley, leaving behind the manner which remains on record in the ever-popular "Hopeless Dawn" of his Newlyn days, sends from Cumberland a broadly and sketchily, but not too sketchily, painted old man among roses. The canvas borrows as its name Austin Dobson's line, "For the rose was Beauty, the gardener Time." Other subject pictures that attract notice, for one prominent characteristic or another, are Mr. Seymour Lucas's "A Lively Measure" and "The Moorish Embassy," painted by royal command, and by royal command exhibited in a black frame. Mr. Prinsep has a single, rather sad-faced figure which he entitles "The Virgin at Bethlehem." Very welcome is the reappearance of Mr. Swan with, among other things, "Leopardess and Young Descending Hill." Mr. Sidney Cooper once again has posthumous pictures on the Academy walls, all characteristic, and "Under the Shady Willow Trees" most characteristic of them all.



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Extract from a letter received from MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, referring to "The Elliman First Aid Book."—"South African Constabulary.—Johannesburg, Feb. 12, 1902.—I cannot tell you how greatly I appreciate your kindness in sending this liberal supply of your very practical and concise vade mecum of Horse and Cattle Management. It will, I am convinced, be of the greatest value to the Troop Officers of the Constabulary throughout the New Territories, and I am supplying each of them with a copy."

LADIES' PAGES.

Another innovation on past customs about the Court has been announced. Her Majesty has decided that only the ladies who are to present others and the presentees themselves shall henceforth wear Court trains. These ladies alone are to pass before the Sovereigns, the rest of the invited guests remaining in the great ball-room till after the presentations are concluded; and only ordinary full evening gowns are to be worn by that section of the company. This will of course greatly lessen the expense of attending Court, for the long and costly trains were the more difficult to find a use for afterwards in exact proportion to their beauty for the special purpose. Court trains were, however, still worn by all attending the Court on May 2. The diaphanous fabrics of the season were worn by many of the best-dressed women who were young enough to "carry off" that style; the greater dignity of a train of velvet or satin was nevertheless obvious. An ideal dress was that worn by the Duchess of Bedford. It was in ivory satin of the richest description, embroidered down the front in natural colours, with a Pompadour combination of pale pink roses and dainty blue forget-me-nots, touched with silver paillettes, and diamonds and pearls outlining the pattern; then it was softened with abundance of fine lace. The train was of leaf-green mirror velvet, and was embroidered richly in harmony; there were long and graceful fern fronds in gold at each corner, from which trailed away wreaths of wild roses in pink silken shadings. The Marchioness of Lansdowne also appeared in a Court dress of white satin embroidered in gold, both skirt and train being of that lovely material, and so decorated in an Empire wreath design of golden embroideries. The Marchioness of Hastings wore an entire dress of fragile material in green, embroidered with pink and silver. The gown was of eau-de-nil crêpe-de-Chine, and the train was of chiffon in the same colour, with roses and silver and mother-o'-pearl in the embroideries. The Countess of Albemarle also had a chiffon train in white, with a novel trimming of a Capuchin hood-like shape of Brussels lace, from which fell long ends; trails of pink roses also fell over the train; the dress beneath it was of white satin, hand-painted with roses, and trimmed with Brussels lace. The Countess of Caledon had a most lovely Empire dress in white gauze, embroidered in silver, with a flounce trimmed with medallions of pailletted lace, and edged with raised chiffon roses; the train was of white lisse pailletted with silver and veiled with one layer of chiffon, billowy puffings of tulle edging it all round its length. Lady Baring again chose white net embroidered with silver, velvet flowers and silver leaves forming the decoration at the foot, and the underskirt of silver tissue showing through; a large collar of white satin, silver-embroidered, finished the train of moss-green satin, and was a striking feature of this gown. The Countess of Portsmouth's embroideries were exceptionally beautiful among so many lovely specimens of this



THE LATEST FASHION IN EVENING CLOAKS.

art. A large basket of gold was worked on the front of the paler yellow skirt, and appeared filled with yellow violets, which fell over the edge of the basket at all sides, and trailed away round the hem as a garland. This was worked upon a pale yellow satin skirt, and the bodice, similarly decorated, was softened by a large folded fichu of palest yellow chiffon edged with lace. The train was a striking but excellent contrast: it was in ruby velvet lined and frilled with chiffon. Lace embroidered with real jewels was placed on one dress of white satin, the skirt being draped over the front with old point-d'Angleterre adorned with real diamonds, and the berthe being similarly treated; the train was of raised silver embroidery on net, with large white chiffon flowers having pink hearts and a small diamond set in every flower all round the train. Men, it may be mentioned, are much more in evidence at the Courts as at present held than they were allowed to be in Victorian days, and they seem to appreciate the changes very particularly.

Only a few weeks more, and the great day of the Coronation will be upon us. One hears so much about these interesting events that they become perhaps a little fatiguing before they are really experienced; but who can help being interested in an occurrence that has not happened for over sixty years? I am sorry to hear that many Americans who had intended to visit us for the occasion are frightened by the reports circulating over in the States of high prices obtaining in London. One specific tale I have heard of a family who wanted to take a sitting-room and two bed-rooms at a Piccadilly hotel commanding a view of the second day's procession, and who, when they wrote over for terms, were asked six hundred pounds for the three rooms for three days! Though these people were rich, they decided not to come, because they felt it would be wasteful extravagance. In my experience, these tales are always told at the time of any great affair, such as exhibitions, and they do not prove to be true. Of course, the supply of rooms in a particular spot being limited, the price may be raised very high to catch the largest bidder's superfluous coin. There are but few available rooms looking on St. James's Street and Piccadilly; and no doubt there are more people who can spare a hundred pounds for a day's diversion than there are of such special apartments for them to engage. But there is always plenty of room at reasonable prices for those who will look about for it; and I do hope our American friends will not miss a great sight because of foolish tales. By the way, ladies who travel alone will be glad if their favourite line, the Cunard, remains English.

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publication is of small account; but Elizabeth's praises were warm to her last hours, and warmer still when she could no longer reward her friends. She is the only English Sovereign whose birthday was spontaneously celebrated by the populace for a century and more after her decease, and innumerable instances of individual admiring tributes can be cited. The sale of the Dunn-Gardner collection of silver at Christie's on April 30 has brought to light an illustration. The great sum of the sale—£4000 for 66 oz. 16 dwt. of silver-gilt—was brought by a Jacobean cup, bearing the hall-mark of London 1604—that is, the year after the great Queen's death. The cup bears the following inscription: "This cup was made of the great Seal of Ireland in Anno Domini 1604, after the Deathe of the Blessed Queene Elizabeth, the Most Blessed Prince that ever Raigned."

There is a most delightful show at the Grafton Gallery. It presents all the portraits painted by the Marchioness of Granby. Could this collection be preserved intact, it would show to future ages much of the refinement and gracious beauty of the aristocratic women of to-day. Among Lady Granby's sitters are people like the Duchess of Portland; Miss Pamela Plowden, the new Countess of Lytton; the Countess of Dudley, Lady Cynthia Graham, the Countess Grosvenor, Lady Elcho, the beautiful late Duchess of Leinster, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, and Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. These and other beautiful faces transmitted to cardboard with singular refinement, and yet perfect fidelity, are, of course, a joy to the beholder. When Lady Granby goes to her men sitters she is not sufficiently sternly uncompromising for the more vigorous types. The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the Duke of Portland, for instance, lose their characteristic traits. But any woman who could get Lady Granby to perpetuate her looks would indeed be fortunate. There was once before a woman of genius as an artist born into the class where love of art alone can be the stimulant to work—that Marchioness of Waterford to whom Mr. G. F. Watts and two other famous artists addressed a formal written remonstrance against the expenditure of her time upon anything else but artistic work, but, of course, without avail. Had Lady Granby only been compelled to follow painting as a profession, women would have had the advantage of one of the most distinguished exponents of the art of portraiture of their sex. At the Grafton Gallery, also, there is a display of the works of M. Benjamin Constant. His portrait of Queen Alexandra is exhibited for the first time in London, though I saw it by special favour last year in Paris. It cannot be considered, however, satisfactory. The side-way glance, so gentle, and as it were so appealing, is indeed characteristic of the Queen; but somehow the charm has evaporated in the reproduction, and the colour under the eye is quite painful. Still, the picture presents an interesting appearance, taking up an entire wall, hung round with green plush and relieved



OPERA WRAP IN LACE AND WHITE VELVET.

by tall palms in pink vases. There are many distinguished sitters well known in this country to be seen depicted in M. Benjamin Constant's rooms at the Grafton.

The Academy Private View was very thronged, but not specially smart. It was chiefly interesting from the sartorial point of view for the decided prevalence of the flimsy materials and black glacé silk. Practically every smart dress which did not answer to one of these descriptions came under the other head. Black glacé, much beflounced and trimmed with black velvet ribbon, is just about as good a material as it is possible to adopt at the present moment. Lady Bloomfield was among those who wore it with insertions of black lace à jour, showing a lining of white glacé. The Duchess of Portland, in black crêpe-de-Chine relieved with white, came in to see her own "Sargent" portrait. Mrs. Langtry looked young and lovely beneath a toque of pink roses with a black gown. Lady Carew was one of the wearers of a gauzy material in grey, relieved with blue, and Lady Frances Balfour patronised grey crêpe-de-Chine. Lady Gainsborough was in grey taffetas. "Helen Mathers" wore a white satin dress trimmed with lace, and a long white cloth coat over it. Madame Antoinette Sterling and Mrs. Jopling were among the patrons of black glacé.

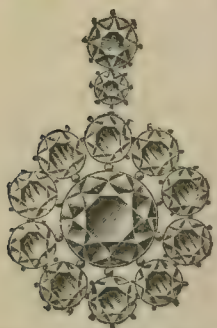
For tailor-made gowns, a short basque or a long one is considered equally good style in Paris. The strict severity of our tailor-made gowns, of course, is not adopted by the Frenchwomen. In London the plainness of this class of gown is this spring even more extreme than usual. A bloused bodice with a little basque, a few inches deep only, under a waistbelt, opening some three inches over a vest in front, or a coat that does not much more than turn the waist-line, are their favourite models. In London, also, visiting-gowns are still being made almost exactly like those of last season; the overhanging bloused fronts, the boleros, the lace applications, the deep collars, and the yokes of last year are too much followed. But certainly the basque is the new season's note, and at least a little one at the back should appear to bring a new dress up-to-date. Canvas and similar open materials are much worn; of course, they call for silk linings, as do voiles and grenadines. Taffetas is used to strap such loosely woven fabrics. Fine face-cloths are always the favourites of some women, and in black and white especially are good purchases.

One of our Illustrations shows a new model cloak direct from Paris. It is in pink velvet, with a band of black velvet embroidered in pink and gold, finished with pink silk cord. This cloak looks very charming over a white lace dress. The other depicts the latest fashion in theatre mantles in thick white lace, outlined with cord, and bordered with white velvet. Blue velvet bows trim the edges. It is shown worn over a black lace dress.

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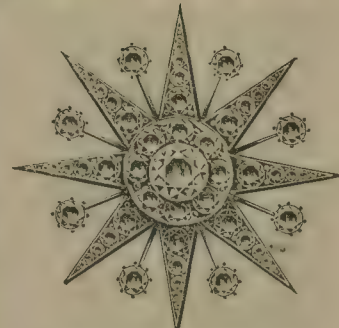
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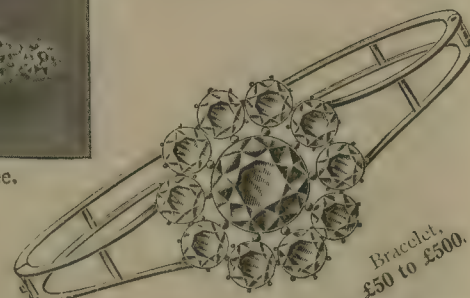
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WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.

The annual meeting of the shareholders in Waring and Gillow, Limited, was held on Tuesday, May 6, at the head offices of the Company, 181, Oxford Street. Mr. S. J. Waring senior, Chairman of the Company, presided.

The report for the year 1901 stated that there had been a large increase in the volume of business, and especially in that of the Company's general house-furnishing department. Reference was made to the important works carried out for the King at Windsor Castle and on the royal yacht, and for other royal personages; and to the large number of important contracts now in hand in different parts of the world; and generally to the satisfactory expansion of the business in all directions. The profit-and-loss account showed that, after payment of the debenture interest and preference dividends for the year, and the carrying of £20,000 to the reserve fund (bringing it up to £70,000), there was available a balance out of which the directors recommended payment of a dividend of 10 per cent. on the preferred ordinary shares, carrying forward £6743.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and passing of the accounts, said—

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in meeting you to-day; and in congratulating you upon the gratifying results set forth in the report you have just heard read.

A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

Although at the time of the last annual meeting the nation was plunged in gloom in consequence of the irreparable loss it had sustained in the death of its beloved Sovereign, and the trade of the country generally was more or less depressed by the prolongation of the South African War, yet I ventured on that occasion to predict that so far as Waring and Gillow were concerned the year 1901 would not prove an unprosperous one. Gentlemen, that expression of opinion has been fully verified. We have had what, under the circumstances, must be called an exceptionally successful year. Not only was there a large increase in the volume of the business, but we have been honoured by being entrusted with the carrying out of important contracts for the highest personages.

THE PATRONAGE OF ROYALTY.

The distinguished honour conferred upon us by being selected to complete the King's yacht and to decorate and furnish the Royal Apartments at Windsor Castle is one you will fully appreciate and value. And perhaps I may add in this connection that from his Majesty himself we received most valuable suggestions of a practical character. The King's artistic tastes and sympathies are well known; and in addition to the aid we derived from them, his profoundly practical judgment was of the utmost value; indeed, I may respectfully say that he is the most practical client we have ever had. The reconstruction and decoration of the *Ophir* for the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the furnishing and decoration of a palace for the Princess Eulalie at Madrid are further instances of the high class of work with which we have been entrusted.

GROWTH IN THE GENERAL FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

But these are, after all, exceptional orders and orders of a special kind; and it would not be fair to draw too large conclusions as to the growth of the business from them, some of it incidental to the commencement of a new and, we believe, a splendid *régime*. It is therefore all the more satisfactory to find that the principal development is in the Company's general house-furnishing department. This, after all, must always be the backbone of the business, and its steady growth, which your directors believe to be due to a constant regard for the principles upon which the firm has always acted—namely, soundness of construction, beauty of design, and moderation of cost—cannot but be viewed with the greatest satisfaction.

THE EXPANSION IN THE PAST.

And here I should like to point out that the expansion of the business cannot be really measured by looking at its progress from one year to another. You can form a better idea by comparisons of periods not quite so close together. For instance, our annual returns at the present time are more than sixty times as great as they were in 1881; and in the Oxford Street branch they are more than twenty times as great as they were when Waring's started in London seven or eight years ago; and they are more than double what those of the whole of the amalgamated businesses were when the fusion took place with Gillows, and Collinson and Lock and T. J. Bontor and Co. were absorbed in 1897. It is not, I think, using extravagant language to describe this expansion of business as phenomenal. Another point I may mention as indicating the scope of our operations: we occupy premises covering twelve acres of ground.

We owe it to the persistent keeping in view of those principles, in which the commercial and the artistic are equally represented, to which I have referred; principles which are applied in the decoration of the smallest house as well as in that of the palace; principles which, in fact, regulate our work in every department and in every variety of enterprise with which we are called upon to deal. We are worthily supported in carrying them out by a zealous and enthusiastic staff, and by a studio whose familiarity with the best examples of the best periods of English and French decorative art, united with a knowledge of the practical requirements of to-day, qualify them to deal successfully with every artistic demand.

THE PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.

I turn now to the future. You will be glad to hear that our factories at Hammersmith, Liverpool, and Lancaster are full to the utmost capacity. We are at work on the new royal carriages for the London and North-Western and Great Eastern Railway Companies. We are engaged in the fitting, decoration, and furnishing of the yacht *Meteor* for the German Emperor, who by selecting an English firm for this important work has paid a high compliment to English decorative art; a royal palace for the Maharajah of Tipperah; the Carlton Hotel, Copenhagen; the Grand Hotel, Llandudno; and the conversion of Hyde Park Court into the new Hyde Park Hotel. Orders have also been placed with the Company for the following

works in South Africa: The new Royal Courts of Justice at Pretoria; the new Town Hall at Pietermaritzburg; and the new Carlton Hotel at Johannesburg; which, in decoration, furnishing, and equipment, will be in every respect equal to the best London hotels. We have representatives at the Cape and in Johannesburg, and there is every reason to believe that as soon as peace is proclaimed there will be an instant revival of enterprise, in the fruits of which we shall no doubt share.

THE NEW PREMISES OF THE FIRM.

We are able on every account, therefore, to look forward to a year even more successful than the last. Our motto is "Forward," and your directors have not the least intention of permitting the firm to rest on its laurels. The expansion of the business, indeed, is in their opinion only beginning. When the new premises in Oxford Street are completed, the facilities for dealing with a constantly increasing volume of trade will be amply adequate (at all events, for some time to come) to the demands that will be made upon them. Only those engaged in the actual direction of the business can realise what a valuable assistance the new building will be.

THE SYSTEM OF ORGANISATION.

There does not perhaps exist a business of greater complexity than ours. Industrial problems and labour troubles are not unknown to it. In some of the works we have in hand, sixteen different trades are employed, and these all have to be kept abreast of each other, and the whole team driven, so to speak, as one horse, in order to prevent the confusion that would otherwise occur. So far it may be said our work has been largely one of organisation. We believe that with a highly organised studio, with factories well equipped with every mechanical improvement and situated in the most important industrial centres, all controlled by men who have a practical knowledge of their business, and whose chief ambition is to carry out the work with the highest degree of efficiency, we have an organisation without parallel; and that even with the limitations of our existing conditions, we have succeeded in constructing a machine that will not only facilitate future developments, but which will, in the larger arena where it will be presently employed, give practical effect to that combination of the commercial and the artistic which has always been and will continue to be our aim.

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What we have done hitherto has been to lay the foundations. The business is still in its infancy. What we confidently hope is that the coping-stone of the new premises will be the foundation-stone of a yet greater expansion—an expansion which will attain such proportions as will leave their mark upon the decorative art of the twentieth century, influencing the artistic movement not only in Great Britain, but throughout the civilised world. I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts as read.

The resolution was seconded and unanimously adopted; as was one re-electing the retiring directors and the auditors.

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MUSIC.

The London Musical Festival was the most important musical event of last week on account of the selection of conductors rather than the novelties introduced into the programme. The honours possibly go to Herr Nikisch, whose conducting on Wednesday of Tschaikowsky's Symphony in E, No. 5, was really excellent. Herr Nikisch's method is not unlike that of Mr. Henry Wood, whose reputation has been enhanced by contrast with Continental conductors of marked ability. The Suite of "Paolo and Francesca," which was heard on the concert-platform, shows dramatic taste and a talent for orchestral effects. Mr. Percy Pitt, the composer, is to be congratulated. The music is full of gloomy and sinister forebodings, but it must be remembered that it illustrates Mr. Stephen Phillips's melancholy tragedy, in which scarcely one ray of hope or joy shines forth.

M. Ysaye conducted the concert on Tuesday afternoon, and in one case, the No. 5 Symphony in C minor of Beethoven, dispensed with any musical score. Herr Hugo Becker played the solo part in the Violoncello Concerto in D of Haydn; and Mr. Ffrangon Davies sang dramatically and almost faultlessly the "Farewell" of Wotan. The Siegfried Idyll was most delicately given. The entire performances were marked by finish and precision of work, though it is regrettable that so few novelties were produced.

Miss Marjorie Lutyens gave a recital at the Kensington Town Hall on May 1, and showed considerable improvement in technique and style. She was assisted by Herr Ammon Hering, who played the Pianoforte and Violin Sonata in F major of Beethoven with her. Miss Lutyens played as pianoforte solos two Etudes of Chopin. Miss Helen Mar recited some of her quaint and witty American tales.



Photo F. Baker.

THE WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS: MR. R. S. SIEVIER'S SCEPTRE.

Mr. R. S. Sievier's Sceptre, which won the Two Thousand Guineas on April 30 and the One Thousand on May 2, was purchased at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's stud for 10,000 guineas, and is the daughter of the King's Derby-winner, Persimmon, and Ornament. Before the first race she sweated freely, but by the time she left the paddock she had cooled down considerably. She won easily by two lengths from Pistol and five lengths from And Patrick. The contest for the One Thousand Guineas was especially interesting from the fact that Mr. Sievier's filly met Game Chick, to whom she finished third in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and beat her, thus emulating the example of Crucifix and Pilgrimage by winning the two classic races. Sceptre, who was trained by her owner and ridden by H. Randall, who only recently became a professional jockey, will probably start as favourite for the Derby. Her owner, before the second race, refused an offer of £35,000 for her.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann gave a concert at the St. James's Hall on the afternoon of April 30 that can be summed up in one word—perfection. Mr. Hartmann is a violinist of exceptional charm; he has beautiful phrasing, a fine warmth of tone, and such verve and dramatic power that he carries his audience away with him. He began his concert with the Concerto in D minor of Vieuxtemps, in which his tone was excellent, notably in the second movement, the andante religioso. He played a solo of Bach, a prelude and fugue, written for the violin alone, and as an encore a movement from a

at the Royal Society of British Artists. The concert, which was well attended, began with a Trio in E flat of Schubert, and ended with a first performance of "Fantasiestücke" of Rabl. There were the same finish and precision that one expects, and invariably receives, from the London Trio. Miss Grainger Kerr sang with dramatic effect the song of Hermann Löhr, a setting of Christina Rossetti's words, "In the Round Tower of Jhansi," and very sweetly and charmingly the "Mädchenlied" of Walter Rabl, and "An Mein Tamburin" of Anton Rückauf.

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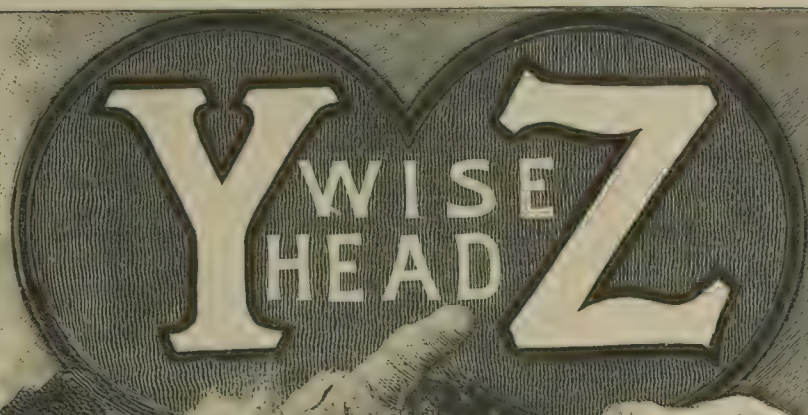
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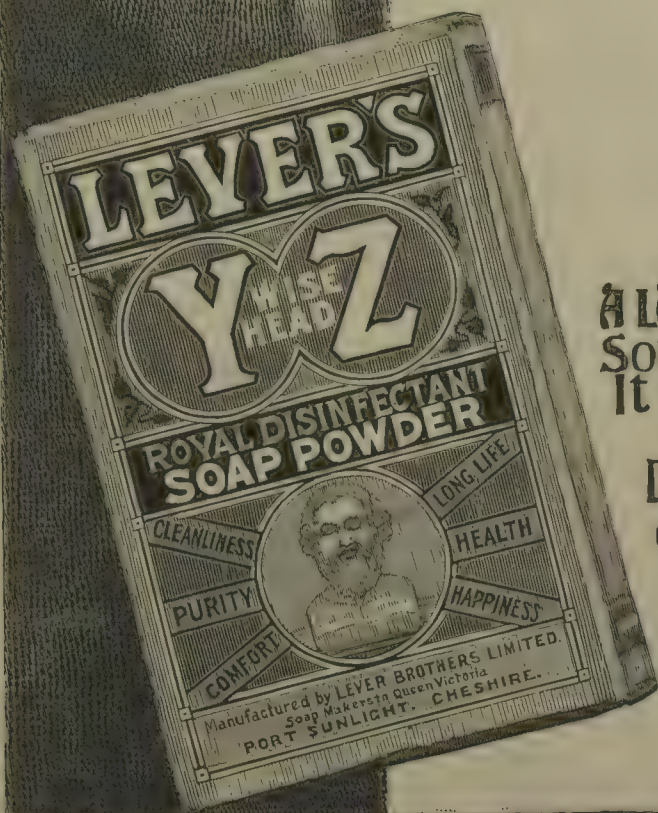
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WHITSUNTIDE RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from Monday, May 12, to Whit Monday, May 19, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the town receiving offices of the company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North-Western passenger trains for the Whitsuntide holidays. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays, as follows: On Thursday, May 15, to Dublin, Greenore, Belfast, Achill, and other places in Ireland. On Friday, May 16, to Abergele, Aberdovey, Aberystwyth, Amlwch, Bangor, Barmouth, Bettws-y-Coed, Birkenhead, Borth, Builth Wells, Carnarvon, etc., for four, eight, eleven, and fifteen days. On Monday, May 19 (from Euston and Willesden), to Birmingham, Coventry, Dudley, Dudley Port, Kenilworth, Leamington, Northampton, Warwick, Walsall, Wednesbury, and Wolverhampton, for one, two, four, or five days. Tourist tickets are issued daily to Scotland, Ireland, North, South, and Central Wales, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, the English Lake District, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, Scarborough, Harrogate, and many other seaside and inland watering-places. For full particulars, see the company's announcements.

As usual, the management of the Great Northern Railway present an attractive and comprehensive programme of excursions. Holiday-makers will appreciate the convenience of the five or eight days' excursions to run from King's Cross by the East Coast route on Friday evening, May 16, to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, Dundee, Oban, Inverness, etc., at remarkably reasonable return fares. For instance, a holiday-maker may go to Edinburgh or Glasgow and back by this excursion for 26s., or as far north as Inverness for 39s. 6d. The same excursion is available for intending visitors to Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, and other places in the North-East. Tickets will also be issued by this excursion available for sixteen days. On the same night, leaving King's Cross at midnight, cheap three, six, or eight days' excursions will run to Peterborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, Doncaster, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, etc., and on the Saturday cheap express three, six, or eight days' excursions will run to numerous stations in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the north-eastern district. For full particulars of above excursions, see the "Whitsuntide Holiday Programme," to be obtained from the town offices, or of the superintendent of the line, King's Cross.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains from London to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., for sixteen days, via Liverpool, on Thursday, May 15, and via Morecambe on Friday, May 16; also to Belfast, Londonderry, and Portrush for Giant's Causeway, via Barrow and via Liverpool, on Thursday, May 15; to Londonderry, via Morecambe, on Saturday, May 17, to return within sixteen days, as per bill of lading; on Friday night, May 16, to Carlisle, Castle Douglas, Dumfries, Helensburgh, Edinburgh, Greenock, Glasgow, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, Ballater, etc., returning the following Tuesday or Friday. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, May 16 and 17, and tickets to all principal stations on the Midland Railway and beyond will also be issued beforehand at any of their City booking offices.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Newhaven-Dieppe route to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris and Rouen will be run from London by the express day service on Saturday, May 17, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, May 15, 16, 17, and 18. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic. Cheap return tickets to Dieppe will be issued on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, May 16, 17, 18, and 19.

Cheap tickets available for eight days will be issued to Brussels, May 14 to 17 inclusive, and May 19, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam and Berlin, Munich, Cologne, and Bâle. Restaurant-cars are run on the North and South German express trains. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on May 14 and 17 for Hamburg, returning May 18 and 21.

The London and South-Western Railway Company will issue cheap excursion tickets to Paris on May 16 and 17; to Havre on May 16 and 17; to Cherbourg on May 17; and to St. Malo on May 16; to Guernsey and Jersey on May 16 from Waterloo at 9.50 p.m., and from Paddington on May 17 at 9.15 p.m., return fare, 22s. Special cheap express excursions will run from Waterloo Station, calling at all the principal stations on the line. Additional facilities are afforded for passengers from London to the Isle of Wight. Official list of seaside, farmhouse, and country lodgings will be sent on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E., or any of the company's offices. For the convenience of those who may wish to obtain information or procure tickets beforehand, thereby avoiding delay and trouble at Waterloo and other railway stations, the London and South Western Railway Company will keep open their London offices during the evenings of May 14, 15, 16, and 17 for the sale of holiday, ordinary, and steam-boat tickets to all stations. For full particulars and usual excursions to suburban and riverside stations, see bills and programmes.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run special excursions to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, on Friday, May 16, and Saturday, May 17, leaving Victoria 2.40 p.m., Holborn 2.35 p.m., and St. Paul's 2.37 p.m.; also from Charing Cross and Cannon Street, via Dover and Calais, at 9 a.m. on May 17 and 9 p.m. on May 15, 16, 17, and 18; returning on Whit Monday from Paris at 3.25 p.m., via Boulogne, or at 9 p.m. any day within fourteen days via Calais. A cheap excursion to Boulogne will leave Victoria at 2.40 p.m. on May 17.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their City and West-End offices, where tickets can be obtained during the whole week preceding Whitsuntide. Tickets can also be obtained at Clapham Junction, Battersea, Chelsea, Kensington (Addison Road), at the stations on the Hammersmith and City line; and at Acton, Ealing, and other suburban stations. On the Bank Holiday cheap trains will be run to Reading, Newbury, Savernake, Marlborough, Devizes, Pangbourne, Goring, Wallingford, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, etc., and on Whit Tuesday an express half-day excursion will be run to Banbury, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon.

PARLIAMENT.

After an all-night sitting the Government carried their new Rules of Procedure with comparatively slight amendment. The House of Commons now meets at two o'clock, adjourns for dinner at half-past seven, and resumes at nine. The excellent effect of this methodical arrangement is already manifest. Debate on the second reading of the Education Bill was rather perfunctory, an overwhelming majority for the Government being secured by the adhesion of the Irish members. Mr. Bryce moved the rejection of the Bill, complaining that it would ensure the permanence of denominational schools, weaken the Education Department, and set up local authorities quite unfitted for their task. Sir John Gorst denied that the Department would have less power than heretofore. He held that the county and borough councils would represent the views of the ratepayers as to education more closely than the School Boards. Public control over the secular education in the voluntary schools would be complete. Mr. Haldane differed so far from Mr. Bryce that he declined to vote against the Bill, and Sir Edward Grey would not complain of any weakening of the central authority, as he was all for devolution, or, rather, Home Rule. Dr. Macnamara declared that in an experience of twenty-five years he had never known a parent to object to the religious instruction in any school. Lord Hugh Cecil, in a speech marked by eloquence such as is now rare in Parliamentary debate, made the significant statement that, in his opinion, the religious difficulty could be settled only by "an amicable understanding between the Church of England and the Nonconformists."

Lord Charles Beresford offered a personal explanation of his famous letter about the condition of the Mediterranean Fleet. He acknowledged that this was a breach of discipline, but hinted that none of the statements in the letter could be officially denied, and that the steps taken by the Admiralty to strengthen the Mediterranean Fleet had practically justified his action.

Mr. Balfour announced that certain British steamers included in the new American shipping combination were under contract for the Government service for three years. He thought that before the end of that period some means would be found for securing an effective transport service in the mercantile marine.

May Day was celebrated at the Queen's Road High Grade Girls' School, Dalston, by a series of festivities akin to those which Mr. Ruskin instituted twenty-one years ago at Whitelands. The head mistress, Mrs. Eyles, is, in fact, a former student of that college. Miss Dorothy Baines was crowned Queen of the May by Lady Jeune.

Prebendary Gibson, Vicar of Leeds, has been suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and has had to cancel several engagements. He was unable to go to St. Paul's for the sermon to the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, and his place was taken by the Bishop of St. Albans.

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Four years ago, when THE TIMES determined to take the important step of offering to the public an encyclopædia upon such advantageous terms as could only be effected by the novel idea of a newspaper employing its unrivalled powers of publicity in the distribution of useful books, the name of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, so inevitably coupled itself with that project, that the existence of so magnificent a library was perhaps the very foundation of the idea. To-day the Ninth Edition ceases to exist as such. Its utility continues, it is not displaced in public esteem, but it has become merged in a larger and more perfect work, the Tenth Edition, consisting of the volumes of the Ninth Edition with the addition of the New Volumes with which this advertisement is concerned. The first of these New Volumes is ready for almost immediate delivery, the remainder will follow at as nearly as may be monthly intervals. There will never be any other Tenth Edition, and the completed work will no doubt for a quarter of a century to come be held in as high regard as has been the Ninth Edition during the past quarter of a century.

Purchasers of THE TIMES Reprint of the Ninth Edition have already been apprised by letter of the publication of the first of the New Volumes, and have shown their appreciation of the undertaking by the alacrity with which they have welcomed the opportunity to perfect their libraries. It is therefore not to them, but to another class of readers, that this announcement will be of paramount interest.

Although THE TIMES Reprint of the Ninth Edition has been very largely sold, every one of its 40,000 purchasers has some neighbour who—rightly or wrongly—believes that for his purpose an encyclopædia of the present, not an encyclopædia of the past, is the one thing needful. If he did not purchase the Ninth Edition because it was not up to date, if,

wisely or unwisely, he thought that a book describing the history and achievements of all the generations of man previous to his own generation was not a book he needed, and if he has been waiting for a book especially devoted to the history and progress of the Victorian era, he will find in the New Volumes of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, which may for the present be purchased as a separate work, the fullest answer to his wishes.

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The descriptive pamphlet which will be sent upon application (see the Inquiry Form at the foot of this page) contains a full account of the plan of sale, giving exact details and figures as to prices, terms, and the discount offered to early subscribers. Meanwhile the following points may be noted.

The first volume will soon be ready for delivery; and then its distribution will be effected as fast as the binders complete successive lots. Orders will be filled in rotation the first applicants receiving the first copies. Some time will necessarily elapse between the commencement and the completion of this delivery, but those who at once file their orders will receive advance copies almost immediately.

The subsequent volumes will follow at, approximately, monthly intervals.

Before the printing and binding have materially progressed, the publishers desire to ascertain precisely how many copies of the supplement should be produced. The demand for the work will be so great (over 40,000 purchasers of THE TIMES Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Ninth Edition, must be considered in this connexion, for, of course, they will all want the new work) that, in any case, a very large edition must be printed. The usual course is to print a first impression, based upon a conservative estimate of the probable demand, and then, when the supply is exhausted, to again put the pages upon the press for a fresh "run."

This entails a waste of money, and this waste would be exceptionally great in the case of a work so complicated, from the printer's point of view, as are the New Volumes, which include hundreds of maps, and full-page plates printed on art paper to be separately inserted by the binders, as well as more than two thousand wood-cuts and half-tone illustrations. Some of the pages have to be printed in no less than thirteen different colours, each colour being a distinct printing, and every illustration has to be "overlaid" with great care before the press is started. The cost of making fresh preparations to print again such a book is such that the publishers can afford to make a substantial concession in order to obtain as early as possible definite information as to the number of copies required. A hundred copies ordered now, so that they may be

included in the first large printing order for the whole set, will actually cost less, and should in fairness be sold for less, than a hundred copies ordered after the first pages have been printed and the plates taken off the presses, so that this hundred must form part of a later and smaller "run." And the publishers therefore propose to initiate a system of **Graduated Discounts**.

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NOTE.—So far as their present addresses are known, details of the offer and Specimen Pages have been sent to the purchasers of "The Times" Reprint of the Ninth Edition, but a letter to the Manager, "The Times," Printing House Square, London, will ensure their being sent to any purchaser who has not received them.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1898) of Mr. William Baldwin, of Moorlands, Halifax, who died on March 17, was proved on April 24 by Thomas Henry Rushforth, the brother-in-law, and John Herbert Lacy Baldwin, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of the estate amounting to £169,679. The testator gives £25,000, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Mary Minnitt, for life, and then for her children; £25,000, upon trust, for his brother James, for life, and then for the children of his sister, Mrs. Minnitt; £8000 to Mary Emily Nesbitt; and £4000 each to the other three children of his sister. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for Thomas Henry Rushforth, for life, and then for the five children of his brother John Baldwin.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Rymer, of Calder Abbey, Cumberland, who died on March 3, was proved on April 26 by Thomas Harrison Rymer, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the estate being £165,816. The testator gives £5000 to the London Missionary Society; £5000 to the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots (Lancaster); £5000 to the Woodward Trusts for Congregational Pastors' Insurance, Aid, and Retiring Funds; £3000 to the Manchester Cancer Pavilion and Home; £1000 to Lucy Harbottle; £200 each to his nieces Leah Anne Rymer, Arabella Louise Rymer, Margaret Emily Rymer, and Mary Ellen Roberts; £300

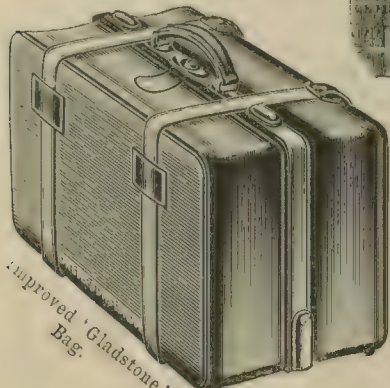
to his steward, Robert Greenall; and other small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Thomas Harrison Rymer.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1901), with a codicil (dated Nov. 19 following), of Mrs. Eleanor Thorp, of Lyppiatt Lodge, Cheltenham, who died on March 29, was proved on April 15 by the Rev. Arthur Chorley Woodhouse, Alexander Younger Watt, James Batten Winterbotham, and George Bagot Ferguson, the executors, the value of the estate being £163,783. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Leeds General Infirmary; £1000 to the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leeds, in trust for the poor parishioners over sixty-five years of age; £4000 to the Cheltenham General Hospital; £3000 for St. Matthew's Church (Cheltenham); £2000 to the Rector of Cheltenham, upon trust, for the sick and needy parishioners of St. Mary and St. Matthew; £1000 to the churchwardens of Leckhampton, upon trust, for a coal and clothing fund; £500 to St. James's (Cheltenham) on like trusts; £500 to the Cheltenham Female Orphan Asylum; £25,500 to Mrs. Eleanor Frances Mackinder; £25,500, and an additional £1000 for the expenses of the education of his son at one of the Universities, to the Rev. Arthur Chorley Woodhouse; £8500 to Alexander Younger Watt; £12,000 to her cousin Charles Robert Chorley; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves between Mrs. Mackinder and Alexander Younger Watt.

The will (dated June 13, 1901) of Mr. Daniel Robert Scratton, J.P., of Ogwell House, Ogwell, Devon, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on April 26 by Edward Joshua Blackburn Scratton, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £134,570. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture, plate, etc., live and dead stock, and farm implements to Edward Joshua Blackburn Scratton; and annuities to servants. His property in Devon and Essex, and at Westminster and Brompton, and the residue of his estate and effects he settles on Edward Joshua Blackburn Scratton and his son, Edward William Howell Blackburn Scratton.

The will (dated May 24, 1895), with four codicils, (dated June 1, 1899, April 27, 1900, and Sept. 15 and 30, 1901), of Mr. Alfred Alers Hankey, of 23, New Steine, Brighton, who died on April 1, was proved on April 18 by Henry Attlee and Robert Alers Hankey, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £51,444. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, Dyke Road; £100 to St. Mary's Hall, Kemp Town, for the education of clergymen's daughters; £100 to St. James's Church, Brighton; £1000 each to his nieces Eleanor and Gladys Hankey; £520 and an annuity of £204 to Mrs. Louise Emily Menzies; £200 to Ernest Woolley; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Robert Alers Hankey and his wife Helen.

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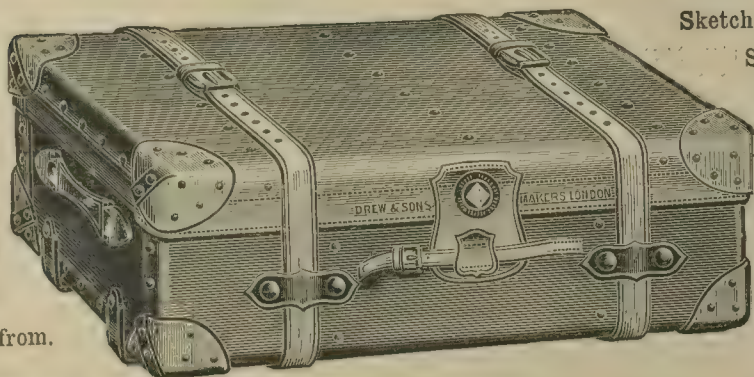
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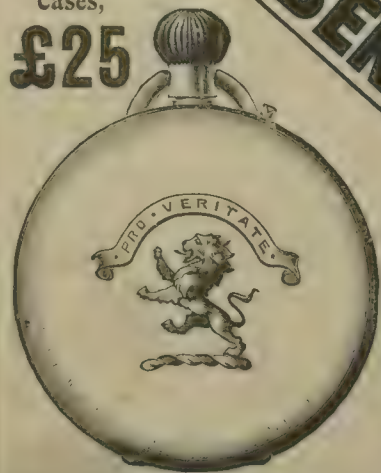
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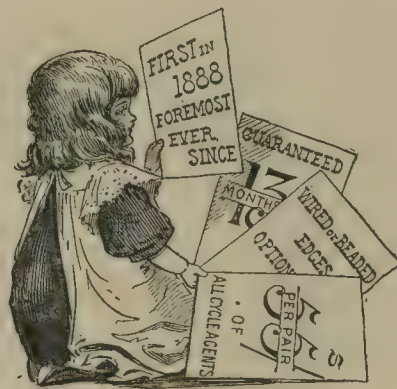
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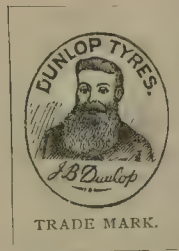
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SAPHO," AT THE ADELPHI.

Mercilessly cut down, Mr. Clyde Fitch's crude stage version of Daudet's "Sapho" may serve well enough its purpose of exploiting Miss Olga Nethersole's virtuosity. So deliberately, indeed, has this adaptation been designed to reveal the whole compass of the Adelphi actress's improved but showy talent, that almost every scene of the patched-up drama suffers from protracted elaboration of detail, every climax is half spoiled by over-emphasis. Miss Nethersole, however, by sheer emotional vehemence, makes fair amends for the play's many *longueurs*, though she has to compete, and can scarcely at any point compare favourably, with the irresistible Réjane. The new Sapho has none of the seductive graces or the refreshing light comedy touches of her great French predecessor, and it is the purely amorous fervour of the demi-monde heroine that Miss Nethersole, showing a style still far from subtle, but a contralto voice agreeably rich in tone, expresses with an occasionally surprising poignancy. Certain members of the Adelphi cast, which includes

Mr. Jack Barnes and Mr. Eric Lewis, render admirable service; thus, Mr. Frank Mills makes Jean Gaussin an engagingly boyish lover, and both Mr. Holbrook Blinn as Jean's unfortunate rival, Flamand, and Miss Rosina Filippi as the heroine's kindly aunt, Divonne, strike a note of conviction. "Sapho," it should be added, is gorgeously staged at the Adelphi, but its Carnival scene—a mere riot of song and dance—is quite unnecessary, and worthy only of musical farce.

"THE PRESIDENT," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

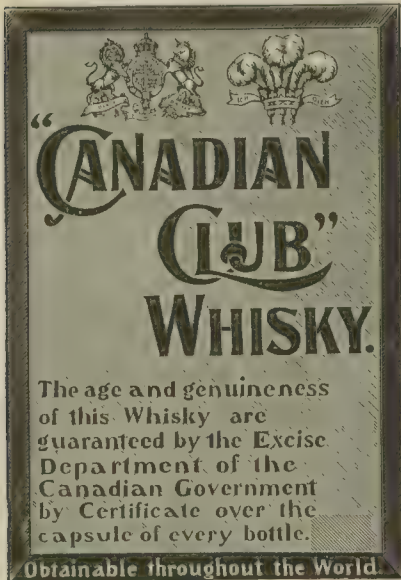
The new programme which signalled the welcome return of Mr. Charles Hawtrej, favourite now of New York as well as of London, began well, only to end deplorably ill. "Miss Bramshott's Engagement," a one-act piece, written by that clever humorist and novelist Mr. G. S. Street, and full of delicious paradoxes and ingenious complications, had put the already well-disposed audience of the Prince of Wales's Theatre into the heartiest of good humours; while the opening scenes of "The President," Mr. Frank Stayton's "farical melodrama," seemed to promise novel subject-matter, picturesque settings, abundant adventure,

and delicate sentiment. Here was Mr. Hawtrej called upon to represent a lethargic Englishman who is compelled by certain conspirators' moral suasion and the inspiration of a pretty girl's *beaux yeux* to become President *malgré lui* of a South American Republic; here was Miss Miriam Clements given at last, it appeared, in the rôle of heroine, a chance of exhibiting her charming inflection of voice and dainty ingenuousness of manner. But alas! Mr. Hawtrej was evidently more at home in singing a foolish topical song than in playing the lover, and Mr. Stayton, just at the moment when vivacity and excitement might have been expected of his story, allowed it—in the dullest of third acts—to tumble all to pieces. Not even the comicality of Mr. Arthur Williams and Mr. Playfair, the latter cast for a conventional Irishman, could preserve "The President" from well-merited disaster.

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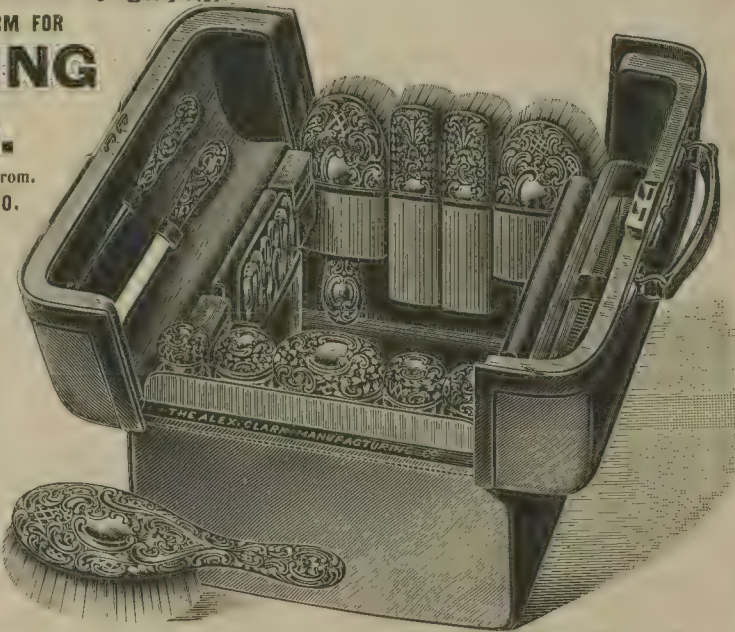
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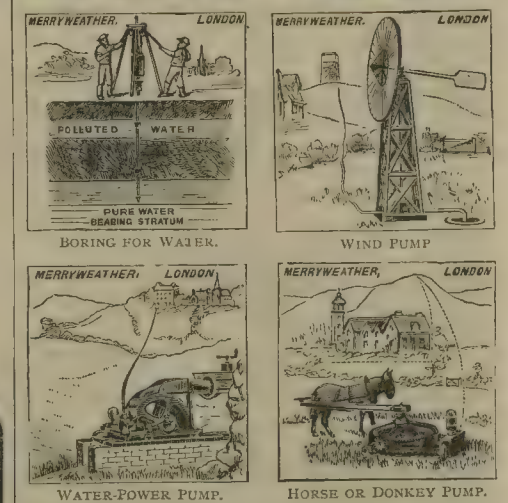
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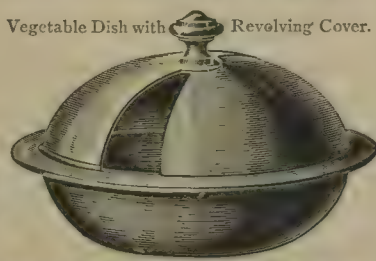
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8 11	by 6 8	..	1	10	0	13 5	by 11 2	..	3	15	0	14 11	by 13 5	..	5	0	0
11 11	by 8 11	..	2	13	4	13 5	by 13 5	..	4	10	0	16 4	by 11 2	..	4	11	8
12 0	by 11 2	..	3	6	8	14 11	by 8 11	..	3	6	8	16 5	by 13 5	..	5	10	0
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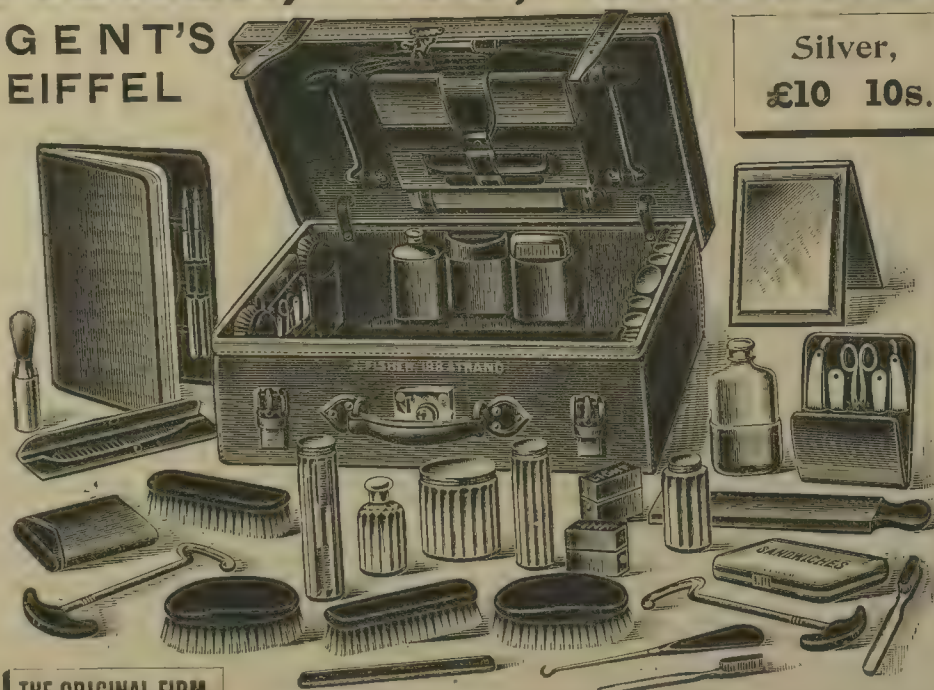
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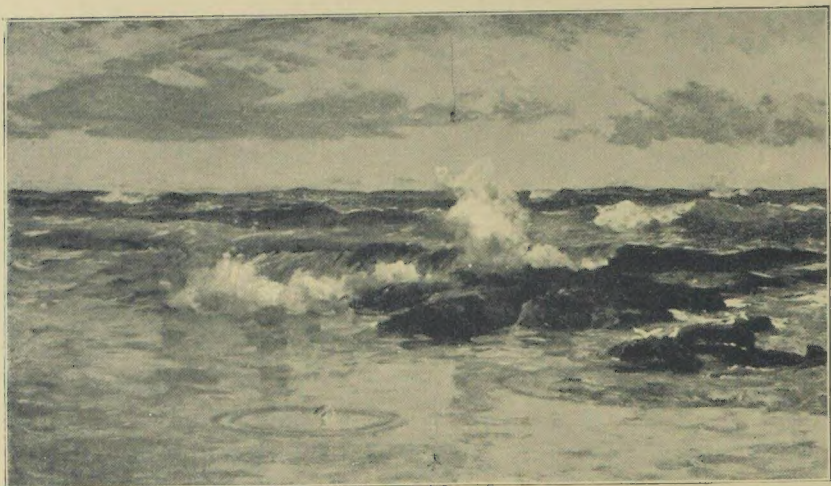
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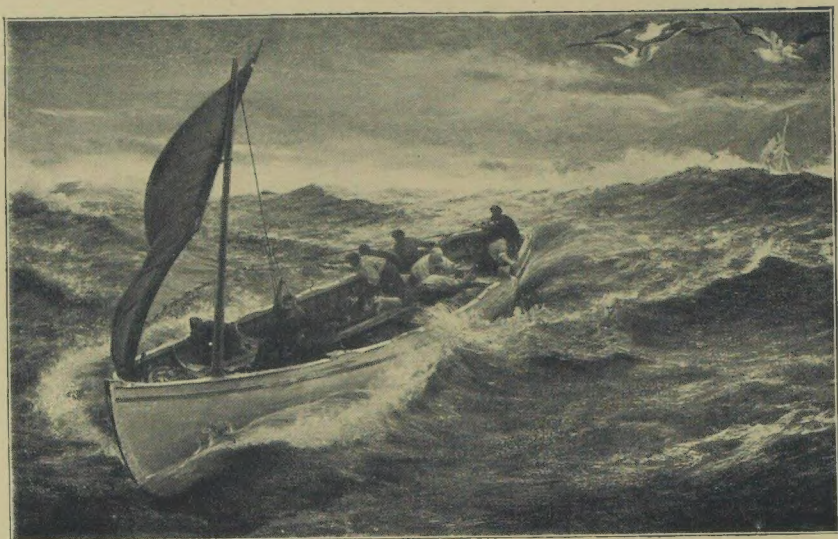
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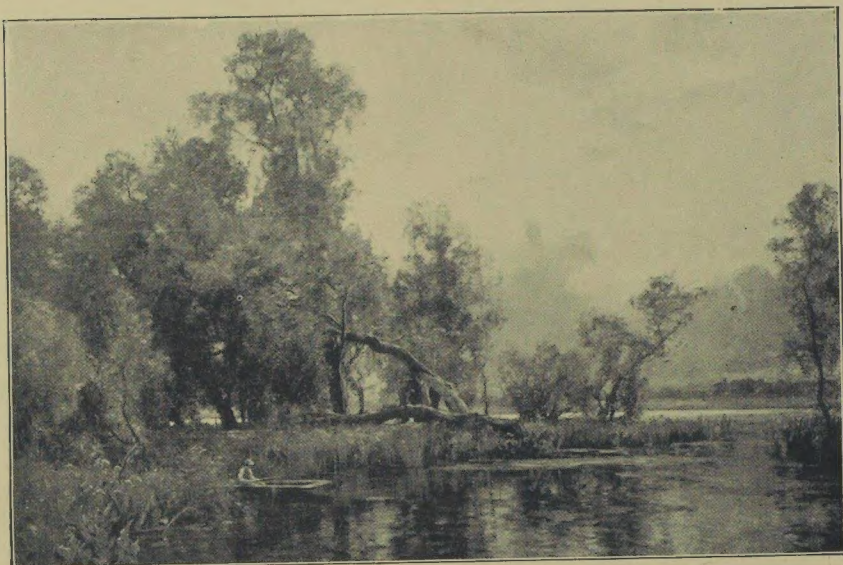
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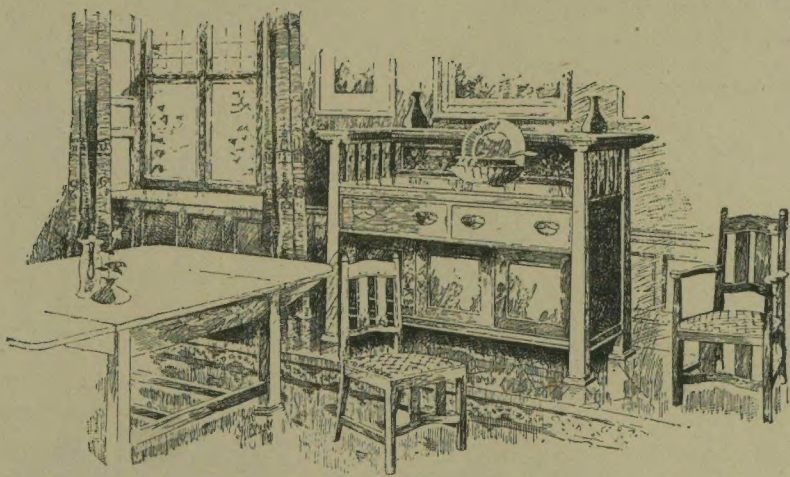


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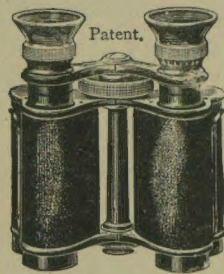
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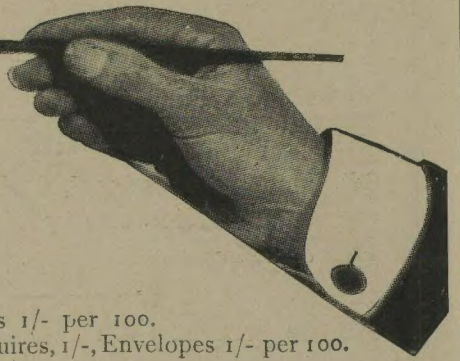


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